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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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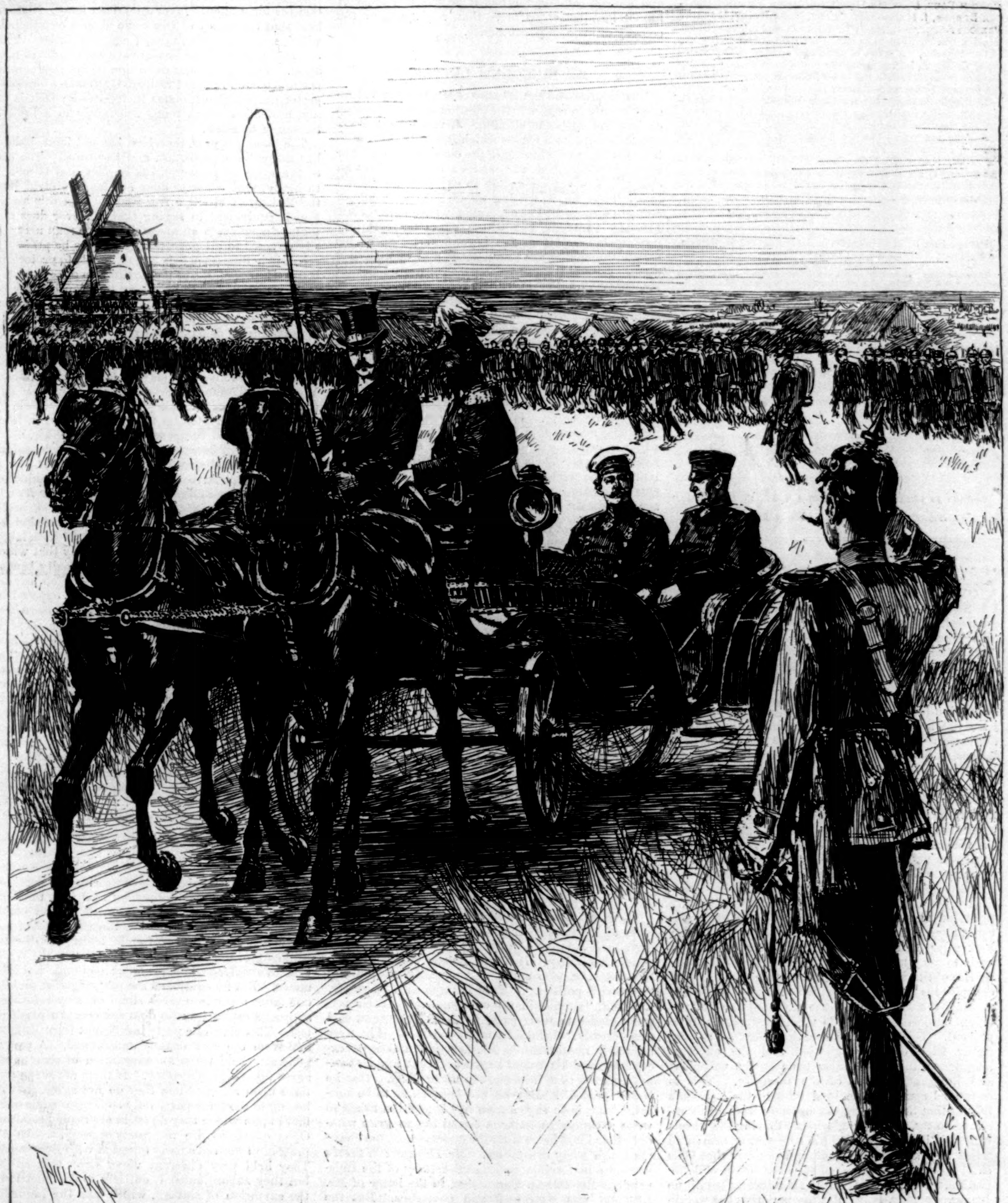

THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND COUNT VON MOLTKE AT THE GERMAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES.
Drawn by T. de Thulstrup, after a Photograph.—[See Page 875.]

Now is the Time to Subscribe.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE FOR 1891

Vol. XII. Begins November 4.

The aim of its conductors has been to make Harper's Young People the **best and most comprehensive weekly in the world for young readers,** and by general consent of the press, both in this country and Great Britain, that aim has been realized.

The programme for the year is a rich one. In fiction there will be **Kirk Munroe's** serial, "Campmates: A Story of the Plains," which will be continued until the 20th of January, 1891. This will be followed by a charming story, called "Flying Hill Farm," by **Sophie Swett,** with illustrations by Alice Barber; and this in turn by a notable work by **Howard Pyle,** entitled "Men of Iron," illustrated by the author. Besides these, there will be two short serials, namely, "The Moon Prince," by **R. K. Munkittrick,** and "Yellowtop," by **Annie Bronson King**; and stories in two or three parts by Thomas Nelson Page, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, Edwin Lassetter Bynner, J. Macdonald Oxley, Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mary E. Wilkins, and others. **Short Stories** will continue to be one of the most attractive features of the magazine. A series of illustrated articles on **Our Principal Colleges,** interesting to the boy who is already looking forward from his early teens to his freshman year, will be written for boys by recent graduates.

The high standard that Harper's Young People has always set up for itself in its art work is constantly being raised, and the magazine was never better illustrated than it has been during the past year. The pencil and brush of Pyle, Rogers, Gibson, Thulstrup, Frost, Fredericks, Church, Brown, Smedley, Remington, Graham, Farny, and other well-known artists are constantly at its service, and their work is reproduced by the best engravers or the most improved of the mechanical processes.

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THE COMEDY OF THE CAMPAIGN.

NOW that the campaign is over, the comedy of Mr. Speaker Reed's part in the performance must be conceded. In theatrical lingo, he has "starred it" as a kind of Jack the Giant-Killer, or St. George slaying the Dragon, or Perseus rescuing Andromeda. He has passed from town to town and from State to State with a continuous huzza, the hero of the hour, a returning conqueror. In a very general public estimation he is evidently a public benefactor. But what has he done? Who is the captive that he has delivered from the giants? What is the dragon that he has slain? Who is the princess that he has rescued? This is the natural question, and in the answer lies the comedy. Mr. Speaker is the doughty deliverer of the majority from the minority. The illustrious service of our giant-killer consists in enabling the majority to take its pleasure by compelling the wicked minority to take its place. A more amusing great public service, or a more comical act of emancipation, is not recorded.

The simple fact is that the Speaker is the head of a majority of the House. But they do not wish always to attend and transact business. They wish sometimes to go fishing, or to take a day's shooting, or to look after their fences at home. In a word, they wish to play truant and enjoy themselves, and the service of the Speaker, which has made him the most conspicuous public man of the moment, consists in making the minority fill the vacant places of the truant majority, and so do what they were sent to prevent. This, of course, has the effect of a very clever trick of prestidigitation, and the effect is heightened for the popular taste by the vehement and indignant protest of the minority. This is countered again by the loud cries of the Speaker's friends that he is saving the majority from a miscreant minority, that he is gloriously driving the wheels of legislation forward by his sole strong arm; and when he silences all protest, and declares that laws shall now be passed without the obstruction of deliberation, and that a tyrannical minority shall no longer oppress a long-suffering majority, the welkin rings with the cheers of the majority, which is off fishing and shooting and picnicking. And orators upon the stump hail the conquering hero, and thousands of eager people in every State hasten to see and to salute the man who has found a way to dispose of the pest of a minority, which even the Constitution itself, not foreseeing the essential wickedness of a minority, mistakenly tolerates.

Republican annals furnish no greater comedy. Yet this is the source of the enthusiastic interest in the Speaker. In a gay and dashing manner he has released the legislative majority from its responsibility, which is substantially a blow at the fundamental condition of popular government. For let any citizen who is cheering the giant-killer ask himself how the majority of a House which permits the previous question could be balked of its will by a minority. It is only when the majority chooses not to be a majority, as was shown in the late performances of the House, that the minority can baffle it. The present political season is now ended. The Speaker ceases for a few weeks to play his great part of protector of the majority. He is a man of unquestionable ability and an admirable actor, but if he has any sense of humor he must enjoy more than any spectator the comedy of his own performance.

MR. LINCOLN'S LETTER.

THE interest and significance of Mr. Robert T. Lincoln's letter in regard to the election in Pennsylvania do not end with the election. It was wholly inexcusable except for a reason which is totally inadmissible, that he knew nothing of the circumstances. For a man in high place who writes a letter to affect an election, it is not an excuse to say that he doesn't know what he is writing about. A multitude of eminent citizens of Pennsylvania, whose motives Mr. Lincoln impugns, but whose character certainly puts their conduct as far beyond suspicion as his own, citizens who are Republicans and of unsullied repute, protested against the political ascendency of Mr. Quay and the election of Mr. Delamater as men charged in the most detailed and responsible manner with corruption, and universally believed to be corrupt. It was the great public scandal of the moment, and threatened the Republicans with the loss of a State which cast last year an enormous Republican majority. It was a national disgrace that in support of such men party orators should associate their names with the name of Abraham Lincoln as of the same party. It is hard to believe that any man who reveres that name should not spurn its association with such men. But what said Abraham Lincoln's son? He is the American Minister in England, and he wrote from Scotland to the chairman of Quay's committee, alluding to those who protested against Quay:

> "The movement you mention recalls up here the old story of the Highland clan that deserted its friends and went over to the enemy on the field for no better reason than that it was not given the place of honor in the line of battle."

Can Mr. Robert Lincoln, who was made Secretary of War and Minister to England solely because he was the son of Abraham Lincoln, conceive no other than a mean personal motive for the action of the gentlemen whom he thus accuses? Does he think that he truly described the course of Mr. Henry C. Lea and Mr. Herbert Welsh, the Rev. Dr. Woods and the Rev. Joseph May, and all the clergymen and private citizens of distinction who took an active part in "the movement," in saying that they "aid the enemy," "because the majority of the Convention has refused to submit to their dictation"? Can the son of Abraham Lincoln not imagine Republicans to whom his father's character and career have consecrated the party name, resolving to save it from the ignominy of identification with corruption and dishonesty, even at the cost of its defeat in a State election? Mr. Lincoln's letter opposed the whole moral force of his party. It maligned the men whose character is now its chief strength. It was, as the Springfield *Republican* truly says, "a political crime of the worst sort."

The election ends as this paper is issued. But the letter of Mr. Robert Lincoln will remain to the sore regret and amazement of every American who truly honors his father. It places the son with politicians like Ingalls, who sneer that morality has nothing to do with politics. "True Republicans," says Mr. Lincoln, "should, in my opinion, submit their personal choice to their party." John Cochrane said more crisply, "I should vote for the devil, if he were regularly nominated." Mr. Lincoln makes no exceptions, and his ardent support of Quay and Delamater shows that he meant to make none. Has he been "misled"? But he was bound not to be misled. That is to say, a man in his position asked to write a campaign letter is bound not to write without other knowledge than the statement of the chairman of a party committee. Mr. Herbert Welsh's prompt and forcible reply, as Secretary of the Independent Republican Committee, to the letter of Mr. Lincoln was restrained and courteous. But the righteous indignation of an American citizen who, however he may yield personal preferences in politics, yet neither in politics nor in other things puts his conscience into the keeping of a party, burns between the lines.

NICKNAMES AS ARGUMENTS.

THE excitement of the Congressional campaign culminated in Mr. McKinley's district in Ohio, where Mr. Blaine made a speech in which he said that the contest was not between Republicans and Democrats, but between Protectionists and Free-Traders. Yet not only had there been no free-trade speech made on the Democratic side, but the most eminent of the Democratic orators—Governor Hill in Ohio, Mr. William E. Russell in Massachusetts, Mr. David A. Wells in Connecticut—expressly declared that there was no issue of free-trade. They stated distinctly the difference between the parties upon the question of a tariff. The Republicans advocated a tariff for the sake of protection. The Democrats demanded a tariff for revenue, with duties adjusted to favor American labor. Both agreed that revenue should be raised by a tariff. Both agreed that the tariff should favor American labor. Neither held that the policy of free-trade should be adopted, which means the abolition of customs duties. The national policy is and has always been indirect taxation. Indeed, the best definition of the Democratic position is contained in President Garfield's phrase—protection which ultimates in free-trade; that is to say, protection which tends constantly to a lighter burden of taxation.

The issue this year, therefore, has not been, indeed has never been, protection and free-trade. The use of the word by protectionists implies, and is meant to imply, that whoever does not favor a tariff like the McKinley bill is a free-trader. But this assertion is equivalent to saying that whoever does not prefer despotism is an anarchist. Is a man necessarily opposed to all government because he prefers a republic to despotism? Is a man hostile to protection because he does not like the prohibition of commerce? Does a man object to necessary taxation because he does not approve high taxation in itself? In the interest of their enterprise and of labor, New England manufacturers demand free raw materials of many kinds. Are they therefore free-traders? Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, Mr. Sumner, and Mr. Chase advocated the exclusion of slavery from the Territories. Were they therefore Garrisonian abolitionists? Are there no degrees in policy? Is a tariff which, by admitting raw materials free, fosters manufactures, and employs and compensates domestic labor, not a protective tariff because it does not tax such materials, close the mills, and starve the laborers? Or is that tariff protective which excludes the product of foreign labor and admits the foreign laborer free, to underbid the domestic laborer?

The advantage gained in a tariff discussion by dubbing the advocates of a revenue tariff with labor-equalizing duties free-traders, is precisely that which was gained by calling Republicans "woolly heads" and "abolitionists." It was a cry which excited prejudice. Republicans, indeed, were opposed to slavery, and in a certain sense they might have been described as abolitionists, but not in the sense in which the word was understood and used. Now revenue reformers as a body are in no sense whatever opposed to indirect taxation, or in favor of abolishing custom-houses, and are therefore not free-traders as that phrase is meant to be understood by those who use it. They would tax, and tax by a tariff, but in a way which would secure the most equitable distribution of the burden. As they are not free-traders, they are not properly described as free-traders, and the term is not used as a description, but as a nickname. It serves the purpose of a political campaign, but it need not confuse the mind of any honest student of our politics.

SEVEN TEST QUESTIONS.

MR. GLADSTONE has been speaking in Scotland, and in one of his addresses he said that there are now seven test questions in English politics besides the Irish question. They are the questions of temperance, a working-day of eight hours, the disestablishment of the Church in Scotland, also in Wales, woman's suffrage, home-rule for Scotland, and allotments. But he cautioned the party against dividing one large army into seven small ones by refusing to support a candidate who does not accept a particular test. This view of a party is different from Burke's, and from the view usually entertained. A party is generally held to be an association of citizens who agree upon a public policy. If there are seven questions upon all of which they do not agree, they can belong to the same party only so long as some one or more upon which they do agree are made prominent. Open questions are not party questions. In 1856 protection was not a party question with Republicans. They held very different views upon that subject, but they subordinated it entirely to the question of the extension of slavery, which was the immediate and paramount issue.

At the present time the issue of similar prominence is protection, and other questions are wholly subordinated. Thus among Republicans there are the most desperate spoilsmen, although the party professes to be in favor of civil service reform. It is not, however, a necessary article of party faith. QUAY and PLATT and CLARKSON and DUDLEY are just as good Republicans as Mr. ROOSEVELT or Mr. EDWARD L. PIERCE, or any other sincere and active reformer. The gentlemen would undoubtedly support a party candidate who did not accept the particular test of reform, because they agreed with him upon other points. This shows that Mr. GLADSTONE'S view is not applicable to our situation. With us a party is a body of citizens who agree upon some particular measure or policy, but disagree upon others, which are equally public questions, but of less prominence. It is for this reason that independent voters are now more numerous than ever. Parties in this country do not express the actual difference of opinion upon any seven or less public questions. If, for instance, the tariff should cease to be an issue, there would be at once a different distribution of party association. Mr. GLADSTONE seems to assume that the Liberal party, having settled the Irish question, would then turn to the question of disestablishment, or of woman's suffrage, or some other. But there is no such connection between these questions that a man who is a Liberal upon the issue of home-rule would necessarily be a Liberal on the issue of a working-day of eight hours, or of temperance.

In this country, also, it does not follow because a man is a high protectionist that he must also favor an election law like the LODGE bill. He may have been an original Republican on the point of the Territorial extension of slavery, and still be as true a friend of the colored citizen as Mr. BLAIR or Mr. CHANDLER. But he may see very clearly that the only way to secure free suffrage to the colored citizen in certain districts is to divide the white vote, and therefore he will oppose the LODGE bill because it would certainly prevent a free colored vote. When this bill becomes the chief measure of the party, he would be found in opposition, that is, out of the party. Yet he would be as stout a protectionist as ever. This is one reason of the increasing independence of political action. Parties, so far as they are legitimate and honest, represent agreement upon some particular issue, but not upon all prominent public questions.

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM.

A GENTLEMAN in Baltimore recently brought from Europe a picture attributed to TITIAN. The introduction of such a work into the country is a public benefit. It is both an example and an inspiration to young artists who may not be able to cross the sea, and its influence is in every way refining and elevating. The buyer of the picture had already paid a high price for it. But for the privilege of bringing it into the country—in other words, for bestowing this fine gift upon the country at his own expense—the law compelled him to pay several thousand dollars.

His offence did not merit such severe retribution, and even Hottentots would not have punished a man so sharply for such an act. It is, however, explained that the punishment was necessary to protect somebody. Either the wicked TITIAN was oppressing somebody, or the penalty was inflicted to protect the manufacture of TITIAN pictures in this country, which is to be accomplished by excluding such pictures manufactured in Europe at pauper wages. As a result of this exemplary chastisement, the market will now probably be glutted with American TITIANS. This summary vengeance on evil-doers, like the black-mailing of clerks in the public offices, is known as the American system.

A DISGRACE TO THE CITY.

DR. CHAPIN, a member of the Committee on Hygiene of the County Medical Society, has recently made a report upon the sanitary condition of the primary departments of many of the public schools in the city of New York which reveals very disagreeable facts. He found the class-rooms overcrowded, badly lighted, badly ventilated, and full of foul odors. In other words, he found precisely the state of things that ought not to exist. Here, for instance, is a detailed statement:

> "School 7, 60 Chrystie Street, 1100 children. This primary school is in three buildings, one of which is an old rookery formerly a tenement, and another is part of an old factory in Hester Street. The whole establishment is a disgrace to any civilized community. The children come from poor families, and they are given the poorest and scantiest accommodations. On a bright, sunshining day eleven of the stuffy class-rooms were lighted by gas, which, with the poor ventilation, made the atmosphere almost unbearable. Foul air from the boys' closets finds access to the school-room through open windows and passageways connecting the closets with the room above. Three back rooms on this floor have been condemned on account of the foul air and the general darkness, but the other rooms connecting with them, and in substantially the same condition, are crowded with children."

In another school there are 1500 children confined under most unwholesome conditions, and yet 220 pupils are excluded for want of room. To another school of the same kind, where there are 952 children, there are 440 awaiting admission. Still further, Dr. CHAPIN found that the School Department requires for the lower three classes in the primary schools 70 cubic feet of air to each pupil, and for the higher three primary grades, 80 cubic feet; for the lower four grades of the grammar-schools, 90 cubic feet, and for the higher four grades, 100 cubic feet. But the Board of Health requires for each occupant of a tenement-house from 400 to 600 feet, and 400 feet for each lodger in a lodging-house.

Dr. CHAPIN'S report was approved by the entire Committee on Hygiene of the County Medical Society, and unanimously by the society. It shows a gross dereliction of duty somewhere. Somebody is responsible for such a wrong as the report discloses, and ultimately the School Department of the city must be held to account. There is no public work in which necessary money can be so ill spared as the schools. They should accommodate all the children of school age, and their sanitary condition should be the best. That such a report could be truthfully made of public schools in New York is a disgrace to the city.

THE CENSUS IN NEW YORK.

SECRETARY NOBLE has refused the application of Mayor GRANT for a recount of the population in the city of New York. The impression, nevertheless, is irresistible that the result disclosed by the official census was totally inconsistent with the conclusions of the Board of Health, whose calculation of the birth and death rates tested by the law of averages required a larger number of people than the census indicated, or an exceptional condition of the population, which has not been alleged or suspected or shown.

Moreover, there have been not only demonstrated inaccuracies of great importance at certain points, as in St. Paul and Minneapolis, but a general feeling that the enumerators, who were not selected for proved qualifications, but by political and personal favoritism, were often incompetent for their work. There is, in fact, a feeling of distrust of the accuracy of the census, which was fairly expressed some weeks since by the New York *Tribune*, but which would have been allayed in some degree had a recount been permitted in New York. The force of the Secretary's reasoning about the difference in numbers in June and October would have served as an explanation of a different result, and would not have been lost. It is true that the count was to be made in June, but the object of the count was to ascertain the actual number of the population.

The dissatisfaction with particular results will not be removed by the declaration that there is general satisfaction. The people of the country at large will undoubtedly accept the official result as announced. They cannot, in fact, help themselves. But it is at certain points that the whole work will be tested, and when the country sees the doubt already thrown upon the census, and apparently with the utmost reason, the result will be not as the Secretary seems to think, that it is a remarkably accurate enumeration, but that it has been a job of patronage very bunglingly done.

THE POST-OFFICE INQUISITION.

THE fourth report of the special committee of the National Civil Service Reform League treats of removals in the postal service upon secret charges, and is an exceedingly entertaining as well as instructive document. The Post-office is the great patronage department. It touches every part of the country, and reform in this department would be the decisive victory of the movement. There are some sixty-four thousand postmasters, of whom about twenty-six hundred are nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate. These are called Presidential postmasters, and of these, during the nineteen months of the HARRISON administration, about 65 per cent. have been changed by removal, death, and resignation. Of course much the larger part of the changes is due to removals. This partisan devastation of the postal service is unprecedented, and has been accomplished under an administration which was pledged to a different course, not only by the personal word of the President, but by the party platform, which was designed to secure the votes of the friends of reform.

The present report reveals a system of removals of postmasters upon secret charges which is one of the most disgraceful chapters ever written in the history of the public service. The committee addressed inquiries to officers who had been dismissed. From 356 answers received, it appears that in only 47 cases was any reason for removal assigned, and in 299 cases it appears from uncontradicted statements that the incumbent was removed without any cause alleged. In a very large number of cases, when the reason was solicited, information was almost invariably refused. To inquiries from others, Postmaster-General WANAMAKER replied that "all papers in appointment cases have invariably been deemed privileged and confidential with the department." This is undoubtedly the usual course of the department. It is a secret tribunal. Its proceedings are those of the Inquisition, and totally inconsistent with popular republican institutions. Secret charges are made. No opportunity for denial, defence, or explanation is allowed. Falsehood and slander are encouraged, and the whole body of postmasters is laid under a ban of party terror. The system makes removal equivalent to disgrace, for it is held to be the penalty of personal delinquency. A more monstrous injustice and grosser outrage upon innocent citizens cannot be conceived.

Yet it could be avoided in two ways: first, by abandoning the system of partisan removals, and removing only for reasons connected with the service; or, second, by a frank announcement of a policy of partisan dismissal. This is exactly what was demanded by President HARRISON when he was a Senator. On the 26th of March, 1886, commenting upon removals by secret charges during the CLEVELAND administration, Senator HARRISON said:

> "I do lift up a hearty prayer that we may never have a President who will not pursue and compel his cabinet officers to pursue a civil service policy pure and simple upon a just basis, allowing men accused to be heard, and deciding against them only upon competent proof and fairly, either have that kind of a civil service, or, for God's sake, let us have that other frank and bold, if brutal, method of turning men and women out simply for political opinion. Let us have one or the other. They will not mingle."

Yet it is under Mr. HARRISON'S own administration, in the face of his personal pledges and of the public engagements of his party, that this outrage is perpetrated. His party organs, sneering at the CLEVELAND reform humbug, keep silence over this HARRISON reform humbug, and solemnly chide reformers for not recognizing a reform administration when they see it. The letters of the Post-office Department contained in this report are very instructive. They will be searched in vain for one frank and honest statement of the truth that the charges are generally made solely to replace Democrats with Republicans. But why add humbug and hypocrisy to outrage?

"FEMININE VOTING."

IN a recent communication to the WEEKLY it was stated "that although women are allowed to vote in Wyoming, there was not a single feminine candidate on either ticket in the recent election, and that women do not take any conspicuous part in primary meetings, conventions, or other party gatherings." This statement is too sweeping. At the recent election there were "feminine candidates," and every county but one in the State elected a woman to the office of County Superintendent of Schools. A "feminine" justice of the peace was also elected, and a "feminine constable" at Rock Creek Precinct.

The Laramie *Sentinel* mentions a very interesting case of feminine zeal in the discharge of political duty. A patriotic lady bent upon voting was attended by her physician to the polls, where, according to the *Sentinel*, "she cast a straight Republican vote, returned home, and an hour after presented her husband with a ten-pound boy." The candidates, says the chronicler, "all chipped in," and presented the new-comer with a fitting carriage.

We are also informed upon good authority that for twenty years the "feminine voters" have taken an active and effective part in all party meetings, and that their influence has been most beneficial. One of the good results is that "no immoral candidate has been nominated by either party." As Wyoming permits "feminine voting," this fact in regard to the character of candidates is very agreeable, and we gladly make it known.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL M. LA RUE HARRISON, who died on the evening of October 27th at his home near Fort Myer, in Virginia, was, by date of commission, the oldest inspector of the Post-office Department, having been placed in charge of money-order inspections soon after the establishment of the system. General HARRISON was a native of New York. During the late war he raised and commanded the First Arkansas Cavalry, which saw much severe service in Arkansas and Missouri under Generals SCHOFIELD, HERRON, and BLUNT. Colonel HARRISON was brevetted Brigadier-General for gallant and meritorious service.

—Lady MARTIN, the wife of Sir THEODORE MARTIN, the Queen's biographer, is about to set up a tablet in the little church of Llantysilio, one of the oldest houses of worship in Wales, to the memory of ROBERT BROWNING, who worshipped there for ten weeks in the autumn of 1886.

—Mr. BARRETT WENDELL, the novelist, who is also Assistant Professor of English at Harvard, has been devoting his summer sojourn at Newcastle, New Hampshire, to work on a biography of COTTON MATHER.

—The first woman to make the ascent of Mount Tacoma, Washington, is Miss FULLER, of Tacoma. She accomplished her trip in a hurricane, spent the night in a cave at the summit, and never flinched, although she suffered greatly from cold and exposure.

—Madame PATTI'S private theatre at Craig-y-nos is said to be fitted up with all the latest improvements in the line of scenery, and with every modern appliance necessary for opera and pantomime. The stage is twenty-four feet deep and forty wide, and the drop-curtain is a portrait of Madame PATTI as Semiramide driving a chariot and a pair of horses. The floor of the theatre is so constructed that it can be raised at the stage end to a level with the stage, and a fine ballroom be thus provided. Although one performance has already been given at this theatre, it will not be formally opened until next year. It is rumored that Madame PATTI intends also to build a synagogue at Craig-y-nos, and to thus show her attachment to the Jewish faith.

—A fine addition to the picturesque summer residences among the Catskills will be the new house ANTON SEIDL, the conductor, is building at Griffin's Corners. It will have towers and wide walks, and will be in the old English style.

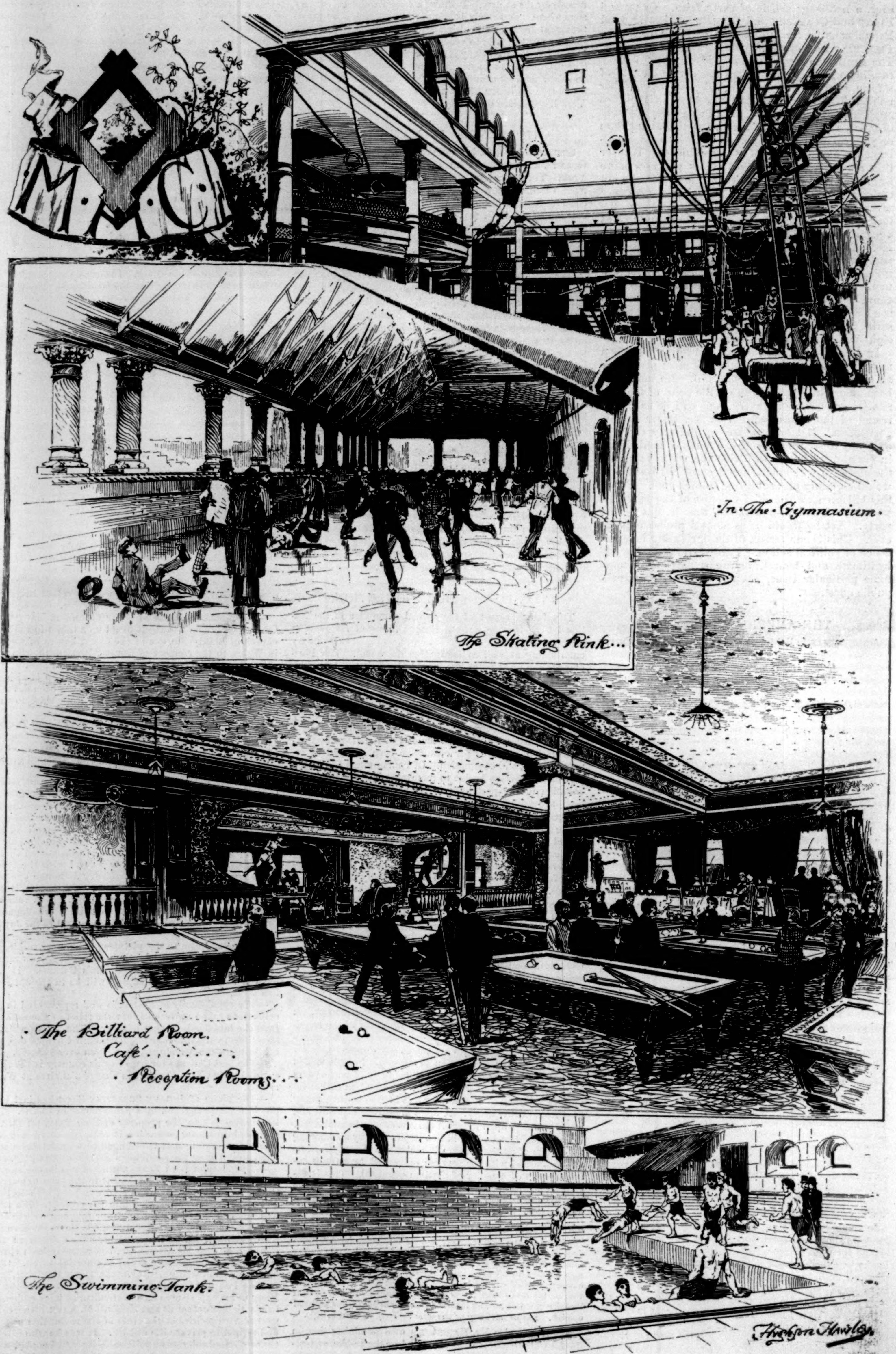
—The royal family of Austria is well represented in the collections taken up recently for the relief of the sufferers from the late floods in that country. The Emperor's subscriptions to the different funds amounted to $500,000, and his brothers, the Archdukes, have given over $400,000.

—The first Corean ever born in this country is the little son of YE CHA YUN, the Corean chargé d'affaires at Washington.

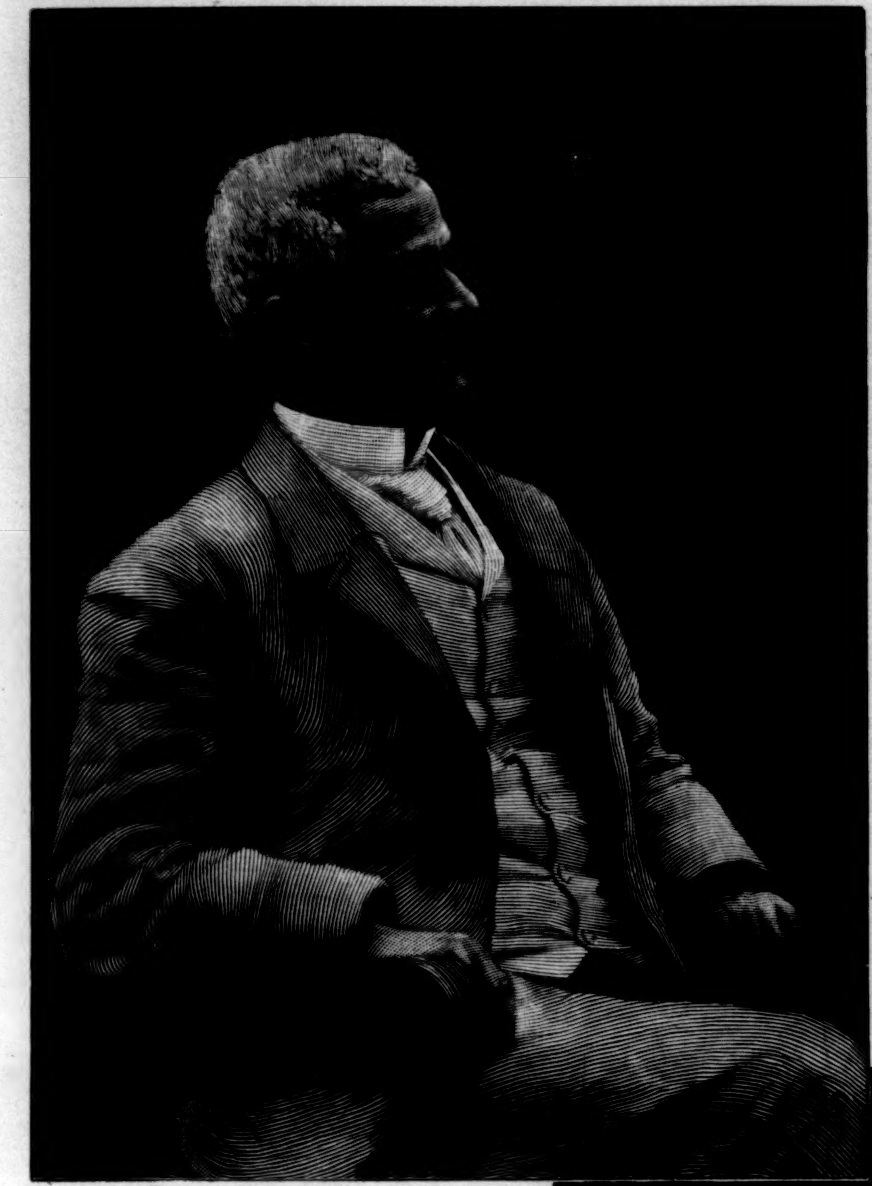
—The piano of JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH has just been put into good condition by a piano-maker in Gohlis. The instrument is now the property of Herr PAUL DE WIT, of Leipsic, into whose possession it came about twenty-five years ago. Before that it belonged to a Count Boss, who purchased it from the composer's son, FRIEDEMANN BACH.

—The death of Lord ELLENBOROUGH recalls the rumors current years ago of his attachment to the then unmarried Queen of England. She was said to return his affection, and to be desirous of making him her consort. His rank was not considered high enough for this, and he was sent to India, where he was afterward made Governor-General.

—ALPHONSE KARR, the novelist, whose death at St.-Raphael, on the Mediterranean, has recently been chronicled, was an enthusiastic florist and horticulturist. Over his door he had written, "ALPHONSE KARR, Gardener," and for the last forty years he had almost ceased to write. Many of his experiences as a horticulturist were embodied in his *Voyage autour de mon Jardin*. M. KARR became disgusted with politics at the close of the revolution of 1848, and retired to private life at Nice. It was he who uttered the celebrated epigram on political history, "Plus çà change, plus c'est la même chose." He was eighty-two years old at the time of his death.


M. A. C.
In The Gymnasium.
The Skating Rink...
The Billiard Room.
Café.........
Reception Rooms...
The Swimming-Tank.
Hughson Hawley

THE MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB QUARTERS.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 874.]



MR. AND MRS. HENRY M. STANLEY.

I.

The spirit of hero-worship is not yet extinct. The tendencies of the time are in many respects prosaic, but the disposition to exalt duly those strong men who have wrought great things with great courage and constancy proves that the human heart will always respond to the same causes which set admiration ablaze in ruder ages. The African explorer Henry M. Stanley, who, with his bride, is now on his way to us, perhaps embodies the heroic spirit in as large measure as any man of the nineteenth century. Neither has this heroism expended its ardor in splendid failures. The same strength that beats the air may knock down a prize-fighter. The courage and endurance of Mr. Stanley have not wasted themselves in merely brilliant feats of travel and adventure. They have solved a great problem, and added a new world to the empire of civilization. It means no detraction to the daring path-finders who explored the Dark Continent before Stanley, and make such a galaxy of brilliant names, to say that they were literally the pioneers preparing the way for one greater than themselves. We in America have peculiar reason for interest in Stanley. Though born a British subject, he became an American citizen, and still remains one, we believe. He made his début in the field which became his chosen work as an American journalist. It is right, then, that Americans should feel a thrill of pride in his subsequent achievements, and find pleasure in doing honor to one who belongs to them, as well as to England, in a larger measure than he does to the world.

Stanley has made too bright a blaze within recent years to require much detail of the life so incessantly exploited by newspaper and biographical writers. Born of obscure stock in Wales, set down as a stripling in New Orleans, where he won his new name from a kind-hearted merchant, knocked about on both sides during the civil war—a journalist detailed to war correspondence, which was done with genuine fighting dash—all this, though not without its romance, belonged to the commonplace. His experience as a war reporter was a good training-school for those larger adventures in which he was to display the essential gifts of a great military genius. Even the successful search for Dr. Livingstone, when he marched to Ujiji in the service of the New York *Herald*, was not a specially remarkable feat in the annals of African travel, though magnified by its result, and notable as the feat of an inexperienced leader. It was not till after this, and subsequent to his Coomassie campaign, in which he accompanied the victorious force of General Sir Garnet Wolseley in Ashantee land, that Stanley's great qualities were fully displayed.

In 1874 our hero started from Bimzibar at the head of an admirably equipped caravan, under the auspices of the New York *Herald* and the London *Telegraph*. He had a roving commission, unfettered by explicit directions, to complete as far as possible the discoveries of Dr. Livingstone. He was then thirty-one years old, in the very prime of life, with mind and body disciplined for the work, and consumed by a burning ambition to write his name high among the greatest explorers. Burton, Speke, Grant, and Baker had left the world agog with interest over their half-finished revelations concerning the equatorial lake region of eastern Africa. Livingstone had died in harness, with glimpses of an unsolved geographical mystery hidden in the wilderness west of Lake Tanganyika, whither even the Arab slave-traders, hot with greed for slaves and ivory, had not dared to venture. How Stanley fared in his quest covers an itinerary more romantic than the pages of Froissart. Proceeding first to the great Victoria Lake, he corrected Speke's measurements by a complete circumnavigation in leaky boats, fighting almost daily with savage tribes. He was an honored guest of King M'Tesa of Uganda, and gave the African ruler doughty help in a bloody campaign. Better than this, he laid the foundation for the introduction of Christianity by arranging for a translation of the Bible into the Wisawahilé. Proceeding through Unyaro to the Muta Nzige, he made important discoveries relative to the lake discovered by Baker, and then penetrated southwest to Lake Tanganyika. Here he completed the circumnavigation begun in company with Dr. Livingstone in 1871. But all this was really preliminary to the great object of his journey.

Among Livingstone's confidences to Stanley had been the belief that the Lualaba River, which flows northwest from the Chibalé Hills through Lakes Bangweolo and Moero, and thence north, was the ultimate source of the Nile. The former had explored the noble river for 1500 miles—as far as Nyangwe in Manyuema—and had there been halted by illness and lack of supplies. To follow this river to the end was Stanley's goal. Lieutenant Cameron had set his face in the same direction, but had been dissuaded by his timid African allies. Stanley was built of sterner stuff, and, in the teeth of incredible perils and obstacles, followed the course of the stream for nearly 1700 miles to the Atlantic Ocean. The explorer had satisfied himself before he had gone far in this stupendous journey that he had found the upper waters of the Congo—not those of the Nile—and that he had made one of the great geographical discoveries of the age. The regions he traversed were a *terra incognita*, the people of which for the first time witnessed in him the face of a white man. The tribes whom he encountered were for the most part savage cannibals, and he literally had to cut his way down the river, fighting and toiling night and day, running rapids, making portages around impassable cataracts, and daring nearly every danger which can assail the life of man. The story related in Stanley's book *Across the Dark Continent* is a record of adventure and discovery almost without parallel in exploration. The expedition was absent three years, and the scientific and commercial world at once stamped its results as big with import which could scarcely be estimated. The darkest secrets of Africa had been brought to light, one of the greatest river highways made accessible to commerce and civilization, and vast regions teeming with natural wealth opened to Western enterprise.

The founding of the Congo Free State is a novel and fascinating chapter in the world's politics, and the direct outgrowth of Stanley's great achievement. He himself, under the auspices of King Leopold of Belgium, became the director-general of the operations which laid the foundation for a new civilization. As an administrator and organizer, Mr. Stanley showed the same fertility of resource, courage, and tenacity of purpose which he had displayed as explorer, but on a larger scale. His book entitled *The Congo and* *the Founding of its Free State* relates in detail the difficulties and trials which he had to overcome, and which taxed the capacities of the statesman as well as the daring and strategy of the general. So patient and skilful was he in overcoming difficulties of nature in his engineering operations on the Congo that the natives dubbed him *Bula Malare*—the "Rock-breaker." This name fits him in a much larger sense than as one skilful in vanquishing material obstacles, which were by no means the most trying in the work of colonization. After Stanley had substantially achieved the earlier labor of nation-building, he resigned the responsibilities to others, returning to England for rest in 1885, having been six years on the Congo.

In 1886 Stanley accepted the commission which he so lately accomplished with that energy characteristic of every step in his career so thickly crowded with exploits. This was the relief of Emin Pasha, the last of Gordon's *rakeels*, or sub-governors, who still exercised authority in Central Africa, and about whom absorbing interest had been aroused in Europe. Stanley went by the Congo route, and his successful return, after the most disquieting rumors as to his fate, was made the occasion for a reception by the civilized world never before given to a traveller. Among other honors he was made D.C.L. by the University of Oxford. The thrilling events of Stanley's tremendous march are fresh in the public mind, and some of the dramatic episodes which belong to it are still unsolved problems. Of all these things the great traveller has written in his last book, so recently published, *In Darkest Africa*, and of them he will have much to say in person from the lecture platform within the next few months. Aside from the interest of adventure, which made the rescue of Emin so notable, Stanley was enabled to complete geographical discoveries of great value relating to the mountain and lake region of eastern equatorial Africa.

Mr. Stanley presents a living personality as fascinating to the imagination as any of the great heroes of romance. He has accomplished results which are unique of their kind. His work has stimulated national enterprise, and enlarged the horizon of Europe. He has practically annexed a continent to modern civilization. No man of his age has embodied greater qualities of leadership or greater loyalty to duty. His courage, endurance, and patience have shown themselves inflexible under all conditions, and he has spared himself never less than he has spared his subordinates in that strain of energy needed to reach the ends he had set for himself. Mr. Stanley, it is understood, will next year resume his administrative work in the Congo Free State. The civilization of Africa, to which he has so greatly contributed, can hardly do without the man who has shown such a mastery of its conditions. However brilliant Stanley's other feats, there can be but little doubt that the greatest monument to his fame will be that associated with the Congo River, and the new nation being built up on its mighty stream.

II.

Miss Dorothy Tennant, who became Mrs. Stanley on July 12th, in Westminster Abbey, before one of the most splendid audiences that ever gathered in the historic minster, had, it is understood, been engaged to the great explorer since before the undertaking of his last expedition. Nearly three years of heart-breaking suspense elapsed before her *fiancé* returned to claim the fulfilment of his hopes. The marriage consummated under such circumstances invest the lady with a deep interest tinged with something of romance. Most picture-lovers will remember an engraving entitled "No," after a painting by Millais. This represents a beautiful young woman standing with a wistful questioning look, and with an open letter in her hand. The heroine was painted by the artist from Miss Tennant, and the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY will not be at a loss to identify the features in the picture published in its pages.

Mrs. Stanley is the second daughter of the late Charles Tennant, formerly M.P. for St. Albans, who died in 1873. On the mother's side, she is descended from Oliver Cromwell. Her eldest sister is the wife of Mr. Frederick Myers, well known in literary and philosophical circles. The young lady received an excellent education at home, and evinced a marked predilection for drawing and painting from an early age. She studied art under Le Gras, at the Slade School in London, and afterward under Henner in Paris. Though passionately devoted to the pursuit of art, she has never followed it as a profession, but has largely cultivated the enjoyments of books and society. Her pictures contributed to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, the Society of Lady Artists, the Grosvenor, and the New Gallery have not failed, however, to attract favorable attention. Her delineation of the nude, and her pictures of children have won special liking. Strongly moved by sympathy for the poorer classes, she has made a study of their sufferings and their needs, and her name is as well known in connection with philanthropy as it is with the interests of art and society. Many of her pictures have taken ragged street children for subjects. The canvases exhibited this year at the New Gallery consisted of one entitled, "Street Arabs at Play," representing a group of ragamuffins swinging on a gate; and another called "An Allegory," showing a nude female figure tied to a tree, with a couple of rosy Cupids aiming darts at her. While a student at Paris she became a great favorite of the French statesman Gambetta, and she painted a small portrait of him from life.

Mrs. Stanley from childhood has displayed great courage and self-control, with a passionate admiration for heroic and daring achievement. Reared to the love of active sports and out-door life, her fine constitution was trained to perfect health. Many English women have these characteristics, but the bride of Stanley seems to have been noted for them; and when she accompanies him, as she probably will, to the Dark Continent, she will carry to her new life moral and physical endowments well-fitted for its trials. The ceremony of marriage was performed by the Bishop of Ripon, assisted by the Archdeacon of Westminster, the Rev. Dr. Bradley, Canon Duckworth, and Rev Dr Butler, Master of Trinity. The bridegroom's best man was Count d'Aarche, acting on behalf of the King of the Belgians, and he was further supported by the gallant officers who had shared his labors and sufferings, and contributed so materially to his success—Lieutenant Stairs, Captain Nelson, Surgeon Parke, Mr. Jephson, and Mr. Bonny. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Charles Coombe Tennant, who has recently arrived in this country to prepare the way for Stanley's lecturing tour. Mrs. Stanley will attract not a little of the curiosity and interest centring about the remarkable man whose name and fortunes she now shares. Her character and personality seem to be fully worthy of her mate, and she will, without doubt, be the recipient of the most flattering attentions which the best society in America can shower on her.

HARDING'S VAGARY.

I.

HE dropped his pen, pushed back his chair, and strode to a window. There was nothing singular in this proceeding, but it was prompted by a singular state of mind. Richmond Harding, having discovered that there was no present need for him in time, and no immediate call to eternity, was restlessly wishing for a residence in what he termed with reckless lexicography betweenity. He had no hope of descrying from a material window an abode so hypothetical, but he felt vaguely impelled to put himself in an outlooking attitude. Across black roofs, past a steeple where bells were chiming over the hour of nine and a June morning, his gaze wandered to a tongue of green fawning sea.

"It would lap one up easily," he mused, "but it probably has a shark for a throat or a whale for a stomach."

The reflection was marinely scientific, nothing more.

Mrs. Bowles's house stood wedged between the dark stateliness of a Jewish pile and the Gentile grace of St. Matthew's fane. Across the street stood an exiled palm-tree, whose sole occupation—since it consumed no time in growing—was to watch the outings of Mrs. Bowles's lodgers, and the exogenous manifestations of the block in general. Above Mrs. Bowles's door-bell a sign, printed in capitals of the blackest bereavement,

FURNISHED ROOMS

was in the habit of appearing, disappearing, and reappearing like a phantasmagoria.

Harding's gaze came home to find his environment suddenly grown intolerable. The haggard palm-tree made him feel degenerated, the placard socially outlawed.

"And to be crushed between the Old and the New Dispensations," he broke out, whimsically, "is enough to drive one into a wilderness."

A conciliating tap at the door announced the arrival of Ham, of Tokio, come to make up a single bed, fill a decrepit pitcher, and leave an emasculated towel.

Harding eyed the broom severely. If the general biliousness of the room was to be stirred up, he must retire. And whither? To the narrow back hall? He felt like a blind giant there. To Mrs. Bowles's reception-room, where the late Mr. Bowles, pictorially preserved, was swinging awry? Heavens, no! He might descend to the street, and take a stroll with the trade-winds, but he very much preferred to mope at home.

"*Must* you sweep this morning, Ham?" he inquired, with superficial patience.

Surveying some bits of paper on the floor, the domestic smiled soothingly, and said, "I shall just—kor-rect—these dusts, sir."

"Where did you study English, Ham?" Harding queried.

"I studied—English—sir, in Tokio."

Harding felt interested and benevolent. Here was a chance to help slow-rising worth by poverty oppressed. "Wouldn't you like to attend night-school, Ham?"

"I do—*not*—wish to attend night-school, sir. I wish to—attend the u-ni-versity," came with dignity from under the table.

"Of course," said Harding, humbly. "What line of study do you plan to pursue?"

Ham paused in his frisking about the room, clutched the broom—was it not his alpenstock up the heights of learning?—and said, in a tremble of enthusiasm, "I plan—to pursue—*science*."

Ring-aling-*ling!* Surely no power less authoritative than the United States could produce so introgressive a tingle!

Harding felt intuitively that his last story had come home with a consolatory note stating that it—or some other manuscript—had great literary merit. "Ham," he declared, grimly, "the postman has brought me a large, rectangular, jaundiced package. Carry it up-stairs very carefully. It contains two crushed hopes and several broken hearts. Don't add to the desolation."

Ham smiled in polite perplexity, and disappeared.

"I wonder how the fellow chanced by his name?" Harding mused. "Ah yes! He is probably a Cushite, *viâ* the Hindoo-Koosh route; or his name may be Hamayamo, which has a legitimate Japanese sound."

Meantime the subject of these ethic reflections flew downward, dusted Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln on the way, and opened the door as promptly as if he had been waiting there since the opening of Japan.

"A thousand and one thanks!" Harding ejaculated, with cheerful hypocrisy, as he received the unhappy packet. He was resolved to have a swashing and a martial outside. "Ham," he resumed, as his facile servitor set up a lean pillow and cajoled it into looking plump, "my friends call me rich, but it's a severe satire. You know what satire means?"

"I have read—the Satires—of Horace."

"Precisely what I supposed," Harding went on, giving himself a mental drubbing for his patronizing inquiry. "I've no doubt you've a pile of classics hidden away in the pantry, and all the sacred books of Asia in your bedroom. This brings me to my point. You are doubtless familiar with the incarnations of Buddha, with the avatars of Vishnu-land. Now, incarnation implies excarnation, though one doesn't hear the word so often. Don't look deprecating and alarmed. I know you Japanese—all modest and astounding! I am persuaded that with Buddhistic lore, Oriental magic, and modern chemistry you are prepared to do anything. What I seek is to be turned into an invisible, intangible creature for a few months, and thus to be excused from paying inconvenient room rent, and consuming finance and beefsteak at the Universal Friend. I must stipulate that the body be left in some retreat, safe from the dissecting forces of nature and medical colleges, and kept ready for a resumption of functions as soon as I shall be ready for a resumption of specie payment."

Ham was now framed in the doorway, terror in his almond eyes.

"Three months of freedom from financial thrall would rest me wonderfully. I could room rent-free in the palm-tree over the way; I could perch, unconcerned and observant, on the turrets of Shem and Japheth; or, superior to tickets, nausea, and shipwreck, I could look in upon your friends at Tokio, and bring you, in due time, a full line of biographical particulars. I could glide around the equator in far less time than late travellers have hopped, skipped, and jumped about the Tropic of Cancer, and without the outlay of even five cents for a hat-pin or a boot-shine."

Harding looked up to find himself alone. He laughed the ringing, tonic laugh of a boy, and felt refreshed. In shaking up Ham he had shaken up himself. He settled back in his chair for practical thought. For a half-hour he stared at the carpet, the wall, the ceiling, as if the project he must undertake was hidden in the room and trying to escape, and then he sprang to his feet, and stalked about in hilarious exclamation.

"Uncle's old mill! Blessings on him!—uncle, I mean. Not been of any use for years! The mill this time. No rent! Board myself! Wear old clothes! Atmosphere Heaven's own! Water from eternal snows! Primeval silence! It's the next thing to an excarnation! I'll start to-morrow!"

He promptly announced his decision to Mrs. Bowles, and that self-supporting woman could only smile mournfully, and say: "I'm sorry you must go, Mr. Harding, though you warned me a month ago you might go. You're *no* trouble at all; gentlemen never are. It's ladies who are forever in their rooms, and wanting ice, or coal, or flat-irons, or mustard—or *something!*"

Here Mrs. Bowles looked at her crooked husband—apparently for a corroboration of statement—and Harding, not wishing to obtrude upon a display of connubial feeling, promptly withdrew. He directed his steps to a cosmopolitan grocery, purchased an initial stock of food and sundries, and gave orders that the outfit, with a supplement of hammock and rugs, be stowed in a packing trunk for the next day's Northern express. That night he shone at a grand reception with prosperous brilliancy.

"Didn't know I had so many friends," he said to himself with genial satire. "Perhaps a few may note my occultation—may say, with a faint human interest,

> 'What's become of Harding
> Since he gave us all the slip?'

but fortunately for me, there'll be no heart-aching search."

II.

The next day the Ishmaelite sent to a storage house a trunk laden with a cast-off civilization, crammed into a valise some choice books, a field-glass, some stationery, and the clothing suited to a semi-excarnated state, drank a cup of valedictory coffee at the Universal Friend, and started on his vagary.

He boarded the *Encinal* puffing in the slip, and exulted as he felt the outward swing. "Away, away from the world!" hammered the engine across the bay. "Away, away from the world!" whistled the cars as they plunged northward. Valleys, plains, and plateaus, tunnels, passes, and mountains were left behind, and with a distinct regret that he could not go on to Neptune, Harding debarked at a railway crossing near the deserted mill. His ticket would have carried him five miles further—to Mountain City—but had he not renounced all financial and social allurements? He saw the train swallowed up in a tunnel; he felt the sweep of a tremendous isolation. A river wound westward in a black desolate channel, and gigantic heights looked down incuriously. Harding felt like an atom, yet he knew he had a molecular organization that would shortly require food and shelter. When a boy he had visited this region in the company of his uncle, and he remembered the trail that led to the mill. He recalled the climb as a glorious one, but then he had never tried it with a household outfit on his back. He sauntered down to the river's edge, and looked up and down its loneliness. Stone faces shadowed by pine-green hair gazed at him; a vulture wheeled low in a daring reconnoitre; and in the near horizon swung a Chinaman.

"Hello, Cathay! Confucius! Hong-Kong!" Harding shouted, blandishing and desperate.

The Chinaman, whose name chanced to be Phong Wong, approached, shouldered the trunk, and followed Harding and the valise up the tangled trail. Adjoining the long shed where the machinery had done its work until transferred to a more convenient site, was a house of four rooms which had served in earlier days for the needs of the superintendent of the mill. Harding choose the upper suite of rooms. It was fortunate that he was in circumstances to be electic in the matter of apartments, for the lower suite was not attractive unless to grizzly bears, the doors being as lost as the Ten Tribes, the floors as fallen as Babylon. Phong Wong carried the baggage up stairs, took his pay, and departed. If he felt emotions of any sort, he did not betray them.

Harding hammered like Tubal Cain as he propped up shelves for books and edibles, turned bits of lumber into quasi chairs and tables, and arranged a line of pegs for his eliminated wardrobe. Then he gathered a pile of dry soft pine needles, and stowed in his inner room a mattress, upon which and between warm rugs even Henry IV. must have slept in bliss. And when shelves and pegs were filled, and the disorder duly admired, the enthusiast felt a sudden and a consuming intimation of mortality. Nectar and ambrosia! he could eat an antelope. He was sure a spring bubbled in a cavern near by; he had played around with a troop of white-headed, jargon-tongued Norse boys years agone. With an alcohol lamp and a camping experience there was nothing to hinder the evolution of a pot of coffee. And he had it—the coffee strong as Samson, smoking as Stromboli, with substantial viands to satisfy. Subsequently he looked a little rueful over the inroads made, and so soon, upon the manna and quails he had provided for his wilderness life; but he was promptly reassured by thoughts of Phong Wong and Mountain City, of a forest full of game and a river of salmon.

Night came down. It did not seem to have far to come. Too-whit! too-whoo! croaked an owl. It was extremely disagreeable to find one's self set out of house and home in this Anglican fashion, and the evicted tenant perched in a tree which commanded a view of Harding's bed, and all night long glared through the window, and at impressive intervals screeched, "Too-whit—vengeance! too-whoo—to be sure!"

A battalion of bats flapped out of eight corners, struck stupidly against ten crumbling planes of plaster, fell, rose, and circled investigatingly about the new landlord. From the forests came now and then ominous sounds, as if wild beasts were seeking their prey in an orthodox manner. The sorrow of the river mounted up the steep banks, up the bed of the deserted flume, and mourned in at every crevice of the old mill. The pines whispered together as over some tragedy, and then broke out in a long sweeping sob of mysterious anguish. Ghostly feet seemed to tramp up the stairway, tap at the door, and then skurry madly down to outer darkness. Harding listened as in a dream. Owl, bat, acoustic ghost—he laughed at their weakness. Beast, river, forest—he exulted in their strength. A lodge in a vast wilderness; the freshness of a world's genesis; a boundless freedom like that of death! A harassed man could ask no more.

Sated at last with the dainty sweets of melancholy, the hermit spread his rugs above the bed of pine, and slept gloriously.

The following day he began his story—the one the world must hear. He wrote thenceforward through sunny forenoons, read and rambled through subdued afternoons, and slept dreamlessly through Titanic nights. It was impossible for any but noble characters to grow up in air so pure, in topography so elevated. They were realistic, but living near heaven instead of in Paris or St. Petersburg, they were people everybody would be sweeter and stronger for knowing. But of course you have read Harding's story—every one has.

It was curious what a sense of companionship Harding enjoyed with these comfortable people. He had no desire to read the happenings of a lower world—to note the wisdom or the folly of the administration, or the crimes and crises of the hemispheres. And as he was neither in business nor in love, and his nearest relative—his tender-hearted and much-esteemed uncle—was eight thousand miles underfoot, rambling in the deserts of Asia, he had no more personal interest in the postal system than in the solar. When he lay in his hammock above the long grooves where the logs had rolled in and out in their torture into lumber, when he hunted, fished, and feasted, his characters hovered near with delightful confidences; and when he decided to go to bed, they vanished with prompt and proper consideration. Harding had not, however, cut entirely loose from human kind. He rediscovered Phong Wong, and inveigled him into bringing, at stated intervals, market supplies from Mountain City. And when the whistle of the up and down boat stirred scared echoes in the river cañon, he would rush to the edge of a cliff, and look down upon passing tourists with a more than passing interest. And one day, in a longer ramble than usual, he chanced upon a philosophic woodman—a democratic, solitary Duke Senior. This man accepted Harding as an axiom. Confidence was inevitable, and the man soon poured out his heart. He declared in effect that he deemed a forest life more sweet than that of painted pomp, but that Elviry, his wife, cherished a contrary sentiment. He stated the case patiently. "Elviry says that living without neighbors and in tall woods makes her feel like a dumb dwarf, and so she wants to sell out and move to the Sound, where there's 'life.' And maybe I'll do it—to please Elviry; but I'll hate to, for I'm adopted to the trees, and they're adopted to me, and we're adopted to one another."

It was no mistake at all, this unique exchange of vowels—the truth was stated delightfully. Harding had been living nearly two months in his country-seat when one morning, as he sat at his writing-table, he was seized with the magnetized feeling which results from the steady gaze of a pair of eyes. He looked down to a favorite pine where his heroine lodged in hamadryad fashion, and thought he saw, peering from behind the tree trunk, a human figure—but no! it flattened itself against the opening of gray sky in a manner that precluded the existence of a vertebral column or a pulmonic circulation.

That night he was surprised by the creaking of ante-mortem feet up his stairway, and the flinging open of his door. The sheriff of Mountain City, with a squad of determined-looking attendants, stood revealed, and in the shadow lurked the nebulous figure that had haunted the morning. Harding was about to declare himself and his mansion highly honored, when he was informed, with a flourish of legal and local rhetoric, that he was John James Mason, the defaulting cashier of the Riverview Consolidated Bank, and that he must forthwith deliver himself and concealed treasure up to justice.

"You've made a mistake, gentlemen," he returned. "My name is not John James Mason"—here he gave the approaching sheriff a look which caused the dignitary to fall back instinctively—"and I've never been a cashier in the Riverview Consolidated Bank, or any other bank. As for treasures, I make no concealment. My wealth hangs on very obvious pegs. I must therefore decline the honor of your attentions."

There was something so defiant and reliable in the aspect of the young man that the sheriff thought fitting at this point to read the printed description of John James Mason. "Light hair"—he looked with capillary inquiry at Harding's dark unbarbered head.

"Dyed!" supplied the shadow, briefly.

This nebular hypothesis seemed to possess a high degree of probability, and the sheriff read on in a strengthened tone.

"Age, about twenty-five"—this was a very convicting item; "height, five feet seven inches"—this presented a difficulty which caused the reader to pause, the nebulosity to disappear. An excess on the part of the accused of five inches of stature above that of John James Mason was recognized as an acquitting circumstance. Scripture and general observation were both against possible deception in this matter.

"Guess we *hev* made a mistake this time, young man," the sheriff resumed; "but when a person lives as you're doing, amongst owls, bats, and lonesomeness, there's *con*siderable excuse in officers of the law thinking there's something wrong. I'm sorry you're not John James Mason, but let me tell you, young man, in these parts a squatter isn't ranked *very* much above a bank robber."

"I'm not a squatter," Harding explained, calmly. "This property belongs to a relative of mine, and it has been placed in my hands to hold, lease, or sell, as my judgment directs."

"And you're the heir, are you, of this relation?" probed the sheriff.

"Probably," was the answer. "I'm next in line."

No further information being offered, the sheriff concluded, "Well, young man, I advise you to go home to your deserted family, or to move down to Mountain City House—my hotel—where you can have every comfort for from sixteen to thirty dollars per week, according to location."

Harding responded with an ambiguous "Thank you," attended his visitors down stairs, and watched them file away far into the purple-green distance.

The Wain rolled high and secure in the heavens. Right was ascendant; would never go down. The torches blazed close to the earth, darted, and went out. Wrong had gone darkling below the horizon; it would rise again.

III.

A gray chill came sifting down through the sunshine, the entire mountain family lifted white warning heads, and autumnal winds began to prophesy in the ears of the old mill jeremiads of blockade and starvation.

Harding started his story in quest of a publisher, engaged Phong Wong as a transfer wagon to the night train, and proceeded to pack his personal effects. Early twilight gathered, the shuffle of celestial shoes was due on the outer stairway, when suddenly up came the aggressive tread of terrestrial boots. The door opened, and a posse of men poured around Harding, and glared upon him as if he were the origin of evil.

"No mistake *this* time, young man," announced the sheriff. "You're our prisoner!"

"Your charge," demanded Harding, coolly, flicking some dust from his coat, and thinking of Ham's English.

"You've murdered one of the best men on our slope—Ebenezer Williams—as has lived in these woods fifty odd years, and never done harm to a soul."

"What, *dead?*—my old friend, the woodman?" Harding cried, in horror. "I talked with him only this morning. *Murdered?* He had no enemy! I loved him as a brother."

"See how the knave entangles himself," whispered a nebulous figure. "Talked with him this morning; found he'd sold his land; no one near; needed money; clear case."

And there was entered in a note-book, for the benefit of the prosecution, the following memoranda: "Counterfeits horror well. 'Loved as a brother.' *Vide* Cain."

"Circumstantial evidence, young man," the sheriff condescended to explain. "Victim found beaten till not a sign of life was left; tracks leading to a mill where a young man has been living under circumstances as has been damaging all along; young man victim's only neighbor, and given to visiting him; blood-stained club found near a spring which nobody uses unless it be said young man, if he *ever* drinks *water*. I'm sorry I didn't *see* you commit the murder, as long as you *would* do it; but *seeing* is a small matter. Many a man has swung on circumstantial evidence. And now hand over Ebenezer Williams's money; it may make things a bit easier for you—give you, for instance, electricity instead of a halter."

"Hands off!" thundered Harding, as the sheriff approached. "I'm innocent, before high Heaven, of your infamous charge! Keep your distance! I'll go with you, but no criminating hand shall touch me."

He looked so dangerously determined, so savagely outraged, that his proposition was tacitly assented to as the simplest way out of a difficulty. He stood alone between two lines of captors. The aroma of the night struck like a blow, the wind stung, cut, stabbed, but he had no physical feeling; he seemed to himself to be swinging between pall-bearers, and followed by no mourners—dead and lost. But his port was unfaded, and the men on either side suspected him of being unduly alive.

"Sorry to leave you here, young man," said the sheriff, as the pall-bearers halted before a door of the Mountain City prison. "If you'd only come down to my hotel last summer, as I suggested"—there was a two-edged severity in the tone—"Ebenezer Williams's ghost wouldn't be a-haunting you to-night."

Harding heard the crunch of a key that locked him in a cell. He felt in a burning rage, but he compelled himself to be cool and quiet; he would need his strength.

The jailer brought some supper. The jailer's wife and baby waited outside.

"You'd better eat a bite," said the little woman. "I fixed it special. You looked so—strange after your long walk."

Baby stretched her little hands between the perplexing bars, and cooed confidingly at Harding.

"You may be sure, John," said Ginny, as the family went down stairs, "the man is innocent. Baby *never* makes up with *any*thing bad."

John returned, "Nonsense!" with official bluster, but at heart he was much swayed by Ginny's logic.

Harding stretched himself on the pallet. He was as sleepless as the clock in the corridor. Midnight! He looked out into a gloom of rolling clouds. One—two! A rattle of thunder came from a rim of foot-hills, a flash of light, and soon the outlying mountains caught up the storm, and sent it back in crash and flame. Through the din Harding's intent ear noted the sound of feet. Were feet always to pursue him?

He looked out again. A sheet of lightning fell over a group of masked figures. The swift condemnation, the merciless intolerance of a young civilization, did not surprise him.

A key turned in the lock, and a voice said in a tense whisper: "The vigilants! We'll save you! *Come!*"

Obedience was the law of the place, and Harding mechanically followed Ginny's flying figure. A blind door opened into a box-like room next the roof. "They 'ill never find you here. It locks on the inside." And Ginny vanished.

Harding heard fierce knocking at the outer door, and hoarse cries: "Justice! We want, we'll *have* justice!" He heard the door fall from its hinges; he heard muffled curses from the cell he had quitted, and then an outward rush, the echo of a man's stubborn indignation, and a woman's wild scream. He understood. He felt a mounting above fear. He could, he would trample the mob. He pushed open his door. No time must be lost in groping for the stairway. He lifted a window, and stepped out on the roof. Down in the court-yard stood the jailer, a rope around his neck, and Ginny fainting at his feet.

"Up with him!" called a dominant voice from the mob.

"An' mebbe he'll tell then—for the privilege of comin' down," jeered an underling.

Harding made his way unseen down an angle of wall.

"*Let that man go!*"

The command seemed to come out of a thunder-bolt, and the startled rioters beheld standing before them in a sudden flame the man for whom they were clamoring. His presence seemed so supernatural, his stature so magnified in the glow, that the justice-seekers fell back in a mutter of awe. Harding knew he must work quickly. He folded his arms, braced himself against the prison wall, and with the light of the storm coming and going across his face, said, sternly:

"You've come for what you call 'justice.' *Justice!* Do you want it for *yourselves*—for the lies, the hypocrisies, the villanies of your souls? It's coming. It will soon overtake you, and then you'll cry to the good God for injustice, and call it—mercy! *Justice!* It's a heavy thing. Are *you* ready to stand under it? It crushes."

The terrors of the law broke in a ponderous crash above the court-yard, and then the voice went on, defiantly: "Brave men grant to others what they ask for themselves. Is it 'justice' to torture a man for doing his duty? To torture a woman for loving him? Is it 'justice'—but I scorn to defend myself to *you!* Go home, men—if you be men—and let the law take its course."

From out the wavering line a ruffian advanced confidently. Harding sent him spinning against the court-yard wall. Two other champions of justice crept up, to reel to right and left blinded and bleeding. Then a figure stepped out of the shadow, made a radius of his arm, and circled the mob about him.

"Boys," came from out a mask, "we mountain folks like *grit*, and the lad's got it. Let him *hev* his trial; it's only fair, after all. And, for a fact, we don't want justice tagging after *us* too clost, or hanging over onpleasantly—*blamed* if we do!"

The speaker paused a moment, then flashing a dark-lantern up into Harding's face, he addressed him thus: "I say, stranger, whatever you've done or hain't done, we're not so sure as we was half an hour ago. You're only tolerable at sermonizing, but you're *prime* at boxing. We've our faults, as you've plumb down stated, but we don't interfere with genuwine grit. Hev yer trial. We 'ill be there. And if judge and jury don't give in prompt-like to yer statements in full, we 'ill expect to see you send 'em whirling, one after t'other, up to British Columbia. Good-night, stranger."

A whistle, quick and authoritative, shrilled through the court-yard, a gate shut with a clang, and Harding staggered to his pallet, and slept as for the world's judgment-day. When at last he awoke, it was to note with amazement that the door of his cell stood open. Had a local earthquake come to liberate him? The idea was apostolic, but untenable. Yet he had been preaching—somewhere—ages ago! He sat up and tried to gather himself together, feeling that he had been recently quartered and cardinally dispersed.

The jailer appeared.

"Here's great news been waiting since six o'clock, an' the school bells air ringing! We hadn't the heart to wake you, you was resting *so*. Let me brush you out, sir! I s'pose you was too tired to undress when you went to bed. Sleepin' 's bad for good clothes. *Well*, Ebenezer Williams has come to in the most *mi*raculous manner along of Elviry's poultices and prayers. I do believe if that woman 'd insist on it, he'd come back from the other world, and him settled there comfortable and all. An' he's give his testimony 'fore witnesses, and with a mind as clear as—as Ginny's lamp chimbleys, that the man that struck him down was the man as bought his land. You see, he was carrying his money to put it in the Mountain City Bank, till he could look round up at the Sound; an' the fellow knew it somehow, and set on him out in the timber, thinking to get the money and hold the land too. And Ebenezer, he said he give him some blows as must have kep' him from travelling away very fast, an' so they're scouring the woods for him, an' they'll have him by night-time, sure. An' you're a free man; you was unlocked at daybreak. An' now, sir, Ginny 'll take it *very* much to heart if you don't walk down stairs and eat the breakfast she's been keepin' hot for you. She'd have had it for you even if the news hadn't come, seein' she and baby de-cided from the first that you'd no call to go into a cell. Fact, sir, bad as she felt last night, an' all of a tremble, she wanted me to let you sleep in the spare bedroom; but you went to Number 17 so quick and quiet I'd no time to think over the proposition one way nor another, though I guess the law would have had it spite of your bein' a gentleman, an' spite of my feelin's to the contrary notwithstanding. But I'm always sorry, sir, when Ginny and the law gets on opposite sides, for then I must do my duty, and feel along of it like a crawling sinner. But come, sir, breakfast is waiting."

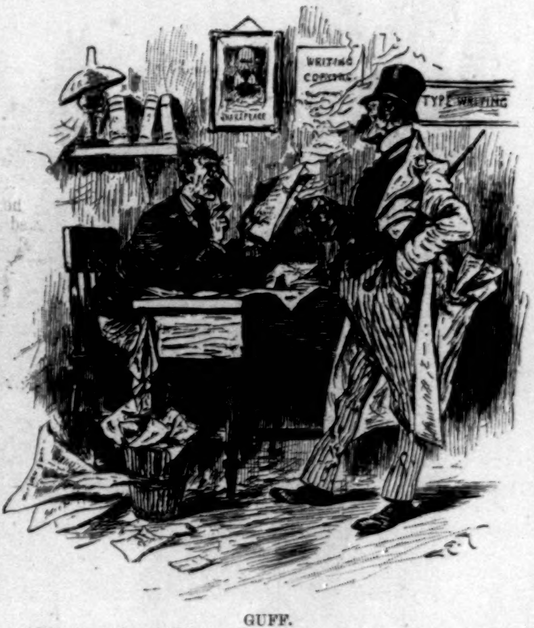
Harding listened quietly to the end, and, much as if nothing unusual had happened, was "brushed out" and otherwise prepared for the rites of breakfast; but he had grown unwarrantably older in a few hours, and under his calm was a realization that something had been drinking heavily at his young vigor. He ate, however, with a reinstated appetite, kissed the inspired baby, secreting at the same time a generous silver piece in each friendly little fist, thanked Ginny and John for protection, hospitality, and good opinion, and hurried into the freedom, the balm, the arrowed glory of the pine woods. And to the soothing influences of nature was added, as he climbed millward, the double blessing of the guileless Israelite and the worldly Elviry. He reached his door to find in waiting—the sheriff.

"Being in these parts," began this scion of county law, "a-hunting the criminal who so basely assaulted Ebenezer Williams yesterday, and having found him a-skulking in a cave along with the money, half dead from pain and fright—and a man as cuts down mountain trees can give pain when he strikes, and a man as tries to murder and rob *ought* to be in a fright when officers of the law are after him, and we have him certain for the penitentiary or the gallows, if the devil don't get him first, as there's a smart chance he may—criminal being, as I've said, half dead—I've waited here at your—residence to invite you to a banquet at my hotel to-morrow. We can't kill the fatted calf for you, not having a quadruped of that kind convenient, but we 'ill treat you to first-class venison, and venison discounts veal any day. The *menoo* will be up to the occasion, sir. And at night we 'ill have a mass-meeting in your honor. So let's strike a bargain, sir."

Harding felt his usual desire to knock the sheriff down, but decided, after a moment's pause, on a course more polite, and possibly more effective to annihilate him. The onslaught was brief. (With prostrating hauteur:) "I thank you, Mr.—Sheriff, for your proffered banquet, but I leave on the next train." (With pulverizing irony:) "As to a mass-meeting—I feel that I was sufficiently honored in the one volunteered to me last night."

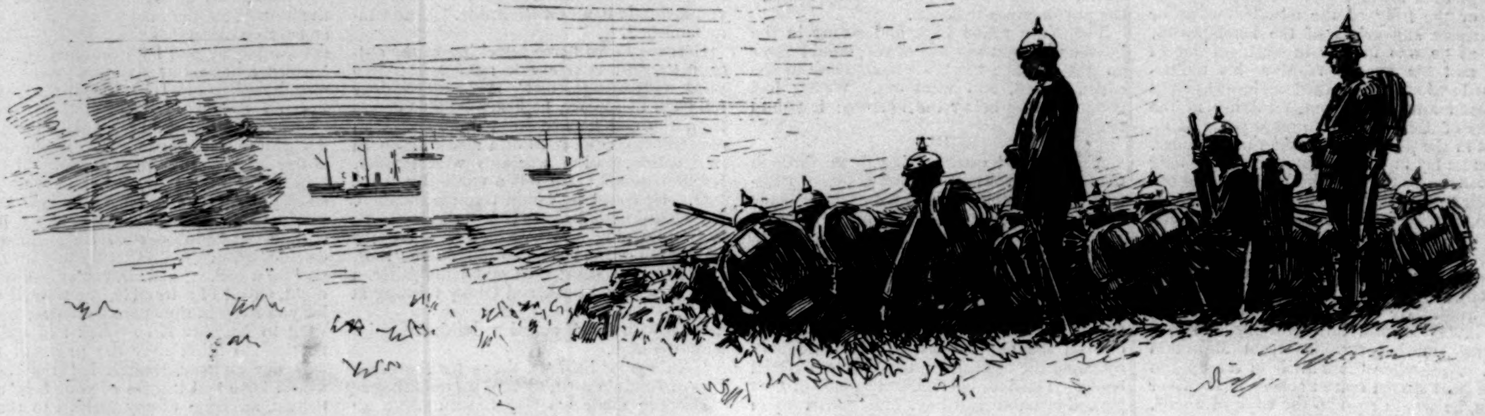
The unbruised and urbane sheriff resumed: "Well, I'm sorry, sir, that you must go so soon—now when we're just getting acquainted with your merits, but if ever you return to our young State—and visitors mostly do, because of its possibilities—remember Tom Anderson is your friend, and so is his hotel."

WALLIS ELDERFIELD.

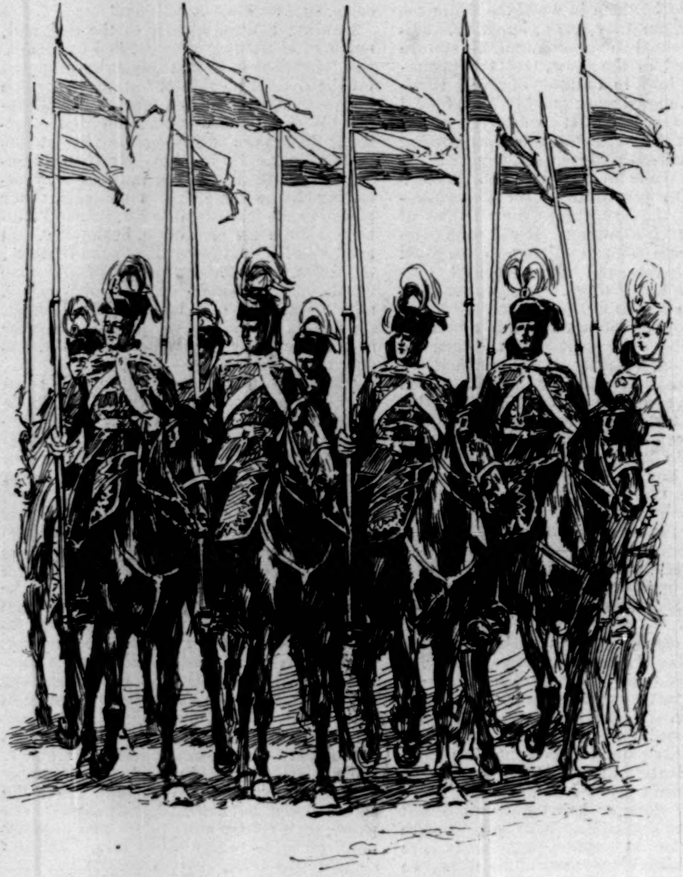


GUFF.

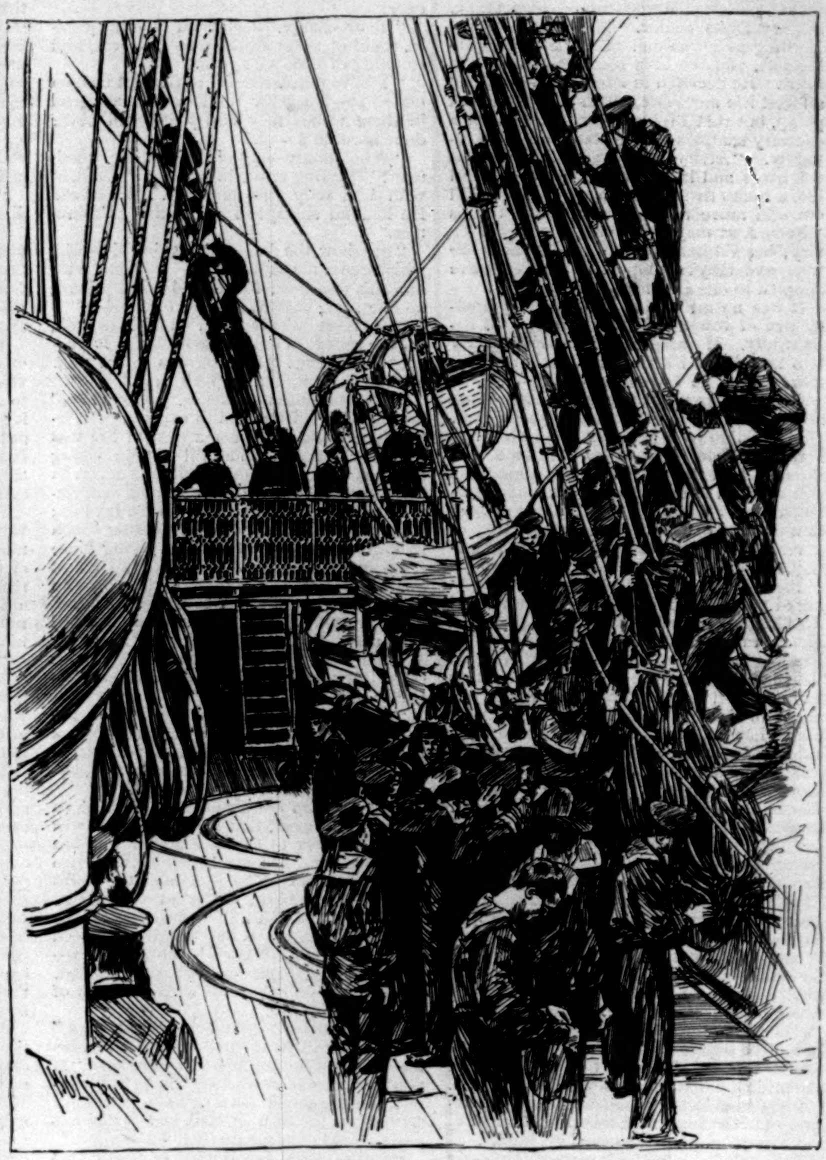
"Didn't get elected?"
"No; that speech you writ fer me ought ter 'av 'ad more guff inter it."
"Beg pardon, sir—what's guff?"
"Why, what yer gets off to der payple 'bout promises which dey know yer never mean ter keep."



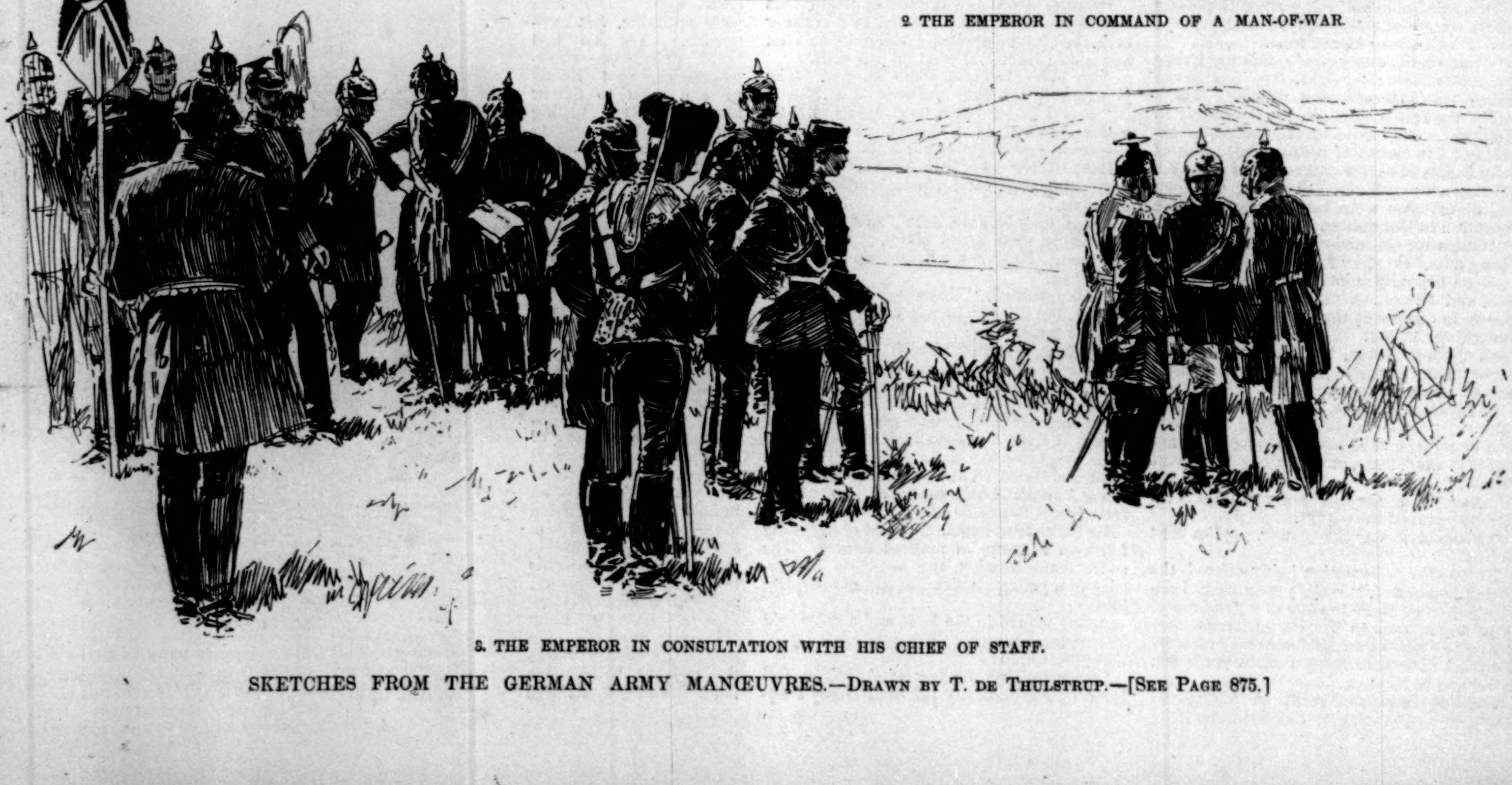
1. WAITING FOR AN ATTACK FROM THE MEN-OF-WAR.



4. CAVALRY ARMED WITH LANCES.

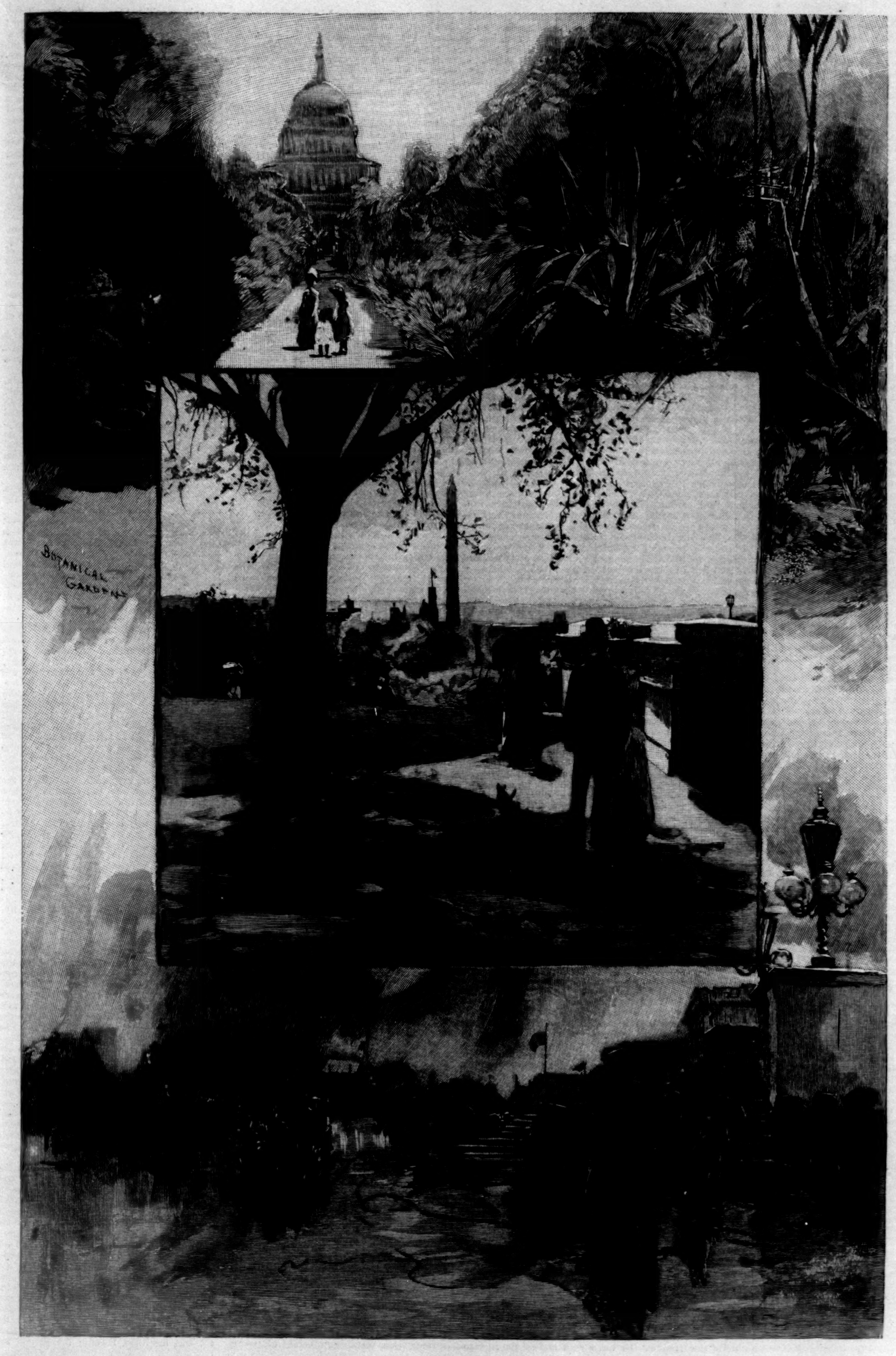


2. THE EMPEROR IN COMMAND OF A MAN-OF-WAR.



3. THE EMPEROR IN CONSULTATION WITH HIS CHIEF OF STAFF.

SKETCHES FROM THE GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 875.]



AROUND THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.—DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.—[SEE PAGE 875.]

1. In the Botanical Gardens. 2. The Washington Monument and Smithsonian Institute from the Terrace of the Capitol. 3. A Wet Day on the Plaza.

CANADA AND THE CANADIANS.

BY THE HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

DAILY events are turning the attention of the American people more and more to the five millions of people—mostly English-speaking—who live beside them, and divide with them the occupancy of the continent of North America. It is really surprising how little interest the British possessions in North America have excited in the United States for the last few generations. There was a time, as far back as 1812, when thoughts of conquest filled the American mind. But that having failed, the whole national attention was absorbed in its own growth, development, and great economic and moral problems.

It is not easy to ignore the fact of neighborhood. It is of some interest to any man who his next-door neighbor is, and what he is like. Every nation is concerned in the affairs of the nation lying on its borders, and it is impossible for the United States to be entirely indifferent to the growing community to the north of it, which is fast assuming national proportions. Mr. Thomas F. Bayard, when Secretary of State, put it very nicely in one of his letters on the fishery dispute. "Providence," he said, "has made us neighbors; let wisdom make us friends." But to the great mass of American people Canada is yet but an abstraction, a scattered region to the north. The Canadians in the minds of many are simply Frenchmen on the banks of the St. Lawrence who swarm over and fill many factories and workshops in New England and elsewhere.

The Dominion of Canada embraces to-day, under one federal government, the entire territory of British North America, including the islands, with the exception of Newfoundland, which has so far preferred to remain outside the confederation. This vast area is divided into seven provinces and four territories. The provinces are as follows, taken in the order of their population and wealth: Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Manitoba, Prince Edward Island, and British Columbia. The four territories, which include vast areas of prairie-land in the great Northwest, very thinly populated, are Alberta, Assiniboia East, Assiniboia West, and Saskatchewan.

The distinction between a province and a territory in political status is that in the former there is absolute self-government within the lines of the Constitution, whereas the local government of the territories is administered by virtue of a special act of the federal Parliament, and is largely under the influence of the Department of the Interior.

Speaking of the Constitution of Canada, it may be as well to examine it a little to see how far it resembles, and in what respects it differs from, that of the United States. It is the creature of the British Parliament. When the four older provinces of Canada resolved to form a federal union in 1867, it took shape in a formal delegation duly authorized by the Parliaments of the several provinces, who proceeded to London and drew up an act of union, which was submitted by the government of the day to Parliament, and, on being adopted, was brought into effect by proclamation on the 1st day of July, 1867. This is the birthday of the Dominion of Canada. Prior to that date there were a number of British provinces—all independent of each other—in North America. Now the whole area is under one Dominion, and is gradually taking on the forms of national life. At first only four provinces—Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick—entered the union, but since then, under form of amendments to the British North America Act, Manitoba, British Columbia, and Prince Edward Island have been taken in, and the territories of the Hudson Bay Company have been acquired by the federal government by purchase, so that all that is British in North America, except Newfoundland, is now under the government of the Dominion.

The Constitution that was drawn up by the delegates, and passed by the British Parliament in 1867, is called the British North America Act, and is the charter under which government is carried on in Canada and the several provinces. It has in it something of the British form, something of the American, and some features peculiar to itself. It differs from the British Constitution in the fact that it is written and definite, whereas the glory of the British model is that it has not a line of positive enactment, and all is the result of growth, and can adjust itself to the times and the changing aspect of events with the utmost flexibility. It resembles the American Constitution in that it provides for a federal system, delegating matters of national concern, such as trade and commerce, tariff, war and defence, banking, currency, and public works of an interprovincial character, to the federal Parliament and government; and leaving all matters of local concern, such as education, courts, property and civil rights, municipal and police regulations, and local public works, in the hands of the provincial Legislature and government. It has this one vital point of difference, whether an improvement or not is fair question for debate: the Constitution of the United States vests the residuary power in the State authorities, so jealous were the early statesmen of the sacred rights of the States, but in the Canadian it is provided that all subjects not expressly and exclusively vested in the provincial authorities shall pertain to the Parliament of Canada. This provision, whether for good or evil, has a tendency to give greater strength and power to the central authorities. But it is just to add in this connection that it has been found comparatively easy to guard provincial autonomy under the Constitution. The inevitable result of a federal Constitution is a perpetual conflict of authority. The hunt for the boundary line between the two jurisdictions will always be an interesting and perplexing one. As a consequence there are already three large volumes of cases decided by the courts under the British North America Act, and the sum total of these judgments is that provincial rights have been well defined and firmly established. The one question which has proved the most trying and difficult is the regulation or destruction of the liquor traffic. Everybody seems destined to get muddled over this insoluble problem.

The only concern that Great Britain has in the Constitution and government is the appointment of the Governor-General or Viceroy of Canada. He represents the sovereign in Canada, and his duties and powers are wonderfully analogous to the sovereign within the kingdom. Strictly speaking he has no power, and is not expected to do anything. He is simply like the Queen, a colorless figure-head, the nominal instrument through whom power is exercised by the real rulers of the country. It will be decidedly uncomfortable for any Governor-General in Canada who ventures to do anything except as he is advised by his ministers, or anything more drastic than laying a corner-stone or opening an art exhibition. Starting with the Governor-General as the sovereign, the system of government in Canada is British to all intents and purposes. Note the parallel. An English administration is defeated and resigns. The Queen sends for the leader of the opposition. Exactly the same thing happens in Canada. A government is formed with a Premier, who is supposed to be the ruling force, and a number of colleagues in the ministry. In this ministry, while it lasts, all the power is centred. The sovereign must sign every minute of Council submitted to her, and do whatever the ministers advise; if not, the ministry would resign in an instant, and if it enjoyed the confidence of a majority in the Commons, no other ministry that was formed after it could possibly live. This is the system of government which prevails not only in Canada, but in every province in Canada. Precisely the same system prevails in every province. It is the British administration seen through the wrong end of a telescope. The sovereign in each of the provinces is a Lieutenant-Governor appointed by the Governor-General, which means, of course, by the Dominion government. He has no power except to do as he is advised by his ministers, and in each of the provinces there is a Legislature corresponding to the British Parliament, barring the House of Lords, a cabinet which governs the country as long as it has the confidence of the popular branch of the Legislature, with a Premier and departmental officers corresponding to the cabinet of Great Britain. To understand the political system of Canada in its utmost ramifications, it is only necessary to keep the imperial government constantly before one's eyes, and reduce its size to meet the varying conditions.

One observation in this connection may be made because it is singular. In the United States the system is radically dissimilar. All executive power in the central government is vested in the President, and is independent of Congress. In like manner, all executive power is vested in the Governor in the State, and he too is quite independent of the Legislature, so far as his executive functions are concerned. And yet relatively the Governor-General, without any power at all, is as large a figure in Canada as the President is in the United States, and the Lieutenant-Governors of the several provinces are fully as important personages as the Governors of the States while exercising almost absolute executive power. The reason for this is not difficult to find. The Governor-General within the Dominion and the Lieutenant-Governors within their several provinces are raised to the plane of absolute political impartiality. In theory they have no party feelings whatever, but are cold, colorless functionaries, indifferent as to whether their constitutional advisers belong to one political faith or the other. They have the benefit of that traditional maxim of the British Constitution—the King can do no wrong. In theory the Queen of England can only do what ministers responsible to the people advise her, and it is the same not only in Canada, but in the smallest province. The official Gazette announces that his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor has been pleased to make the following appointment, and it may be that the appointment is a very bad one. But no person of either shade of politics thinks of attaching any blame to the Governor, because he is not responsible. The ministers who advised the appointment are the persons to hold accountable. In this way, while the Governor has no real power, he is free from all possibility of attack. His position is an exalted one. He lives in a fine mansion provided by the public. He has a staff and all the accessories of royalty. He is the social leader of the province. He is sure to be called upon to open great fairs, to preside at the opening of art exhibitious, to lend his patronage to concerts and operas. Hence, without any real power, the Governor of a Canadian province occupies a position carrying about with it fully as much atmosphere as the Governor of a State, who has all power. The officer who more nearly corresponds with the Governor of a State is the Premier of the Government, who has all the power, but is subject to all the abuse which partisanship necessarily involves.

The long-continued existence of political hostility between the provincial and federal governments has served to accentuate the anomalous character of placing the appointment of the Governors of the provinces in the hands of a party government. So far there have been no ill effects actually felt, but as a matter of necessity some appointment will be made of a man whose partisanship is so pronounced that he will not be able to divest himself of all feeling, and cover his party leanings with the trappings of the royal purple. Such a one will be receiving back-stair visits and advice from the opponents of the government. He will find himself denounced by the press supporting his government, and awkward complications will arise. The real difficulty is to know where the appointing power can be lodged if not with the federal authorities. The American publicist will say, elect your Governor; and this is a very convenient solution, except that the hubbub of a contested election would destroy the traditional sacredness which surrounds the office of Governor, and this would, at first at least, give a shock to the prejudices of the people.

The federal government of Canada consists of a Premier and twelve other departmental officers, the whole constituting the cabinet, or Privy Council of Canada. The departmental offices at present are distributed as follows: 1. President of the Council; 2. Finance; 3. Public Works; 4. Justice (Attorney-General); 5. Customs; 6. Railways and Canals; 7. Interior; 8. Inland Revenue; 9. Secretary of State; 10. Indian Affairs; 11. Post-office; 12. Militia and Defence; 13. Marine and Fisheries.

In addition, it is within the power of the Premier to ask one or two other very prominent men in the party to take seats in the ministry without office, and these have the same weight and status at the Council table as the others, only they have no salary. Each minister has a salary of $7000; the Premier, $1000 additional; and as each cabinet minister has a seat either in the Senate or the House of Commons, he is able to draw $1000 additional for sessional allowance. The Premier may select for himself any of the departments he desires. Sir John A. Macdonald was the Premier of the first government formed after confederation (July 1, 1867), and he took the office of Minister of Justice and Attorney-General. When Mr. Alexander Mackenzie formed a government in 1873, on the defeat of Sir John, he took the portfolio of Public Works. When Sir John came back to power in 1878 he became President of the Council. Since then he has had charge of the Indian Department, and is now Minister of Railways and Canals.

The legislative powers of Canada are vested in the Senate, which consists of seventy-seven members. These are chosen for life, and appointed by the Governor-General, which means the Dominion government. The number which the several provinces send is as follows: Ontario, 24; Quebec, 24; Nova Scotia, 10; New Brunswick, 10; Manitoba, 3; Prince Edward Island, 3; British Columbia, 3;—total, 77.

This body is the most effete and valueless that could be imagined. It has no power except the power to block legislation, and this it rarely ever exercises. When it is remembered that the first Senate was appointed by Sir John A. Macdonald, that the Liberals have been in power for only five years, and did not have an opportunity of filling more than ten vacancies, and that Sir John resumed office in 1878, and has had the filling of all vacancies since, it will be readily understood that it is nothing more than a body of carefully chosen partisans, ready to register the decrees of Sir John A. Macdonald, and prepared, it is hoped, to block useful reform legislation by the Liberal party when it gets into power. As every Senator holds office for life, barring only insolvency and crime, it can be seen that he is removed from all influence of a popular character. Since the existence of a ministry is in no way dependent upon the attitude of the Senate toward it, very little interest attaches to its deliberations. All interest is centred in the House of Commons, and no one stops to care what the Senate will do. In the United States it is one of the greatest fields for political action available, and it is the first ambition of every public man to enter it. As a consequence it is the ablest legislative body in the world. In Canada the conditions are reversed. No ambitious man with a future before him is anxious to enter it. To become a Senator is equivalent to becoming a political fossil. All power, all interest, all ambition, centre in the Commons. The recruits for the Upper House are, in the main, selected from defeated politicians who have no longer anything to expect in the arena of the Commons, or from among millionaires who have subscribed liberally to Sir John's election funds. Of the seventy-seven members, nineteen or twenty may be classed as sympathizing with the Liberal party; all the rest are the devotees of Sir John A. Macdonald. And yet, if a Liberal administration were formed to-morrow, this body, while pursuing a policy of petty annoyance, would not venture to obstruct any great measures of reform which were carried by the House of Commons. Though the Senate exists as a part of the Constitution of the country, and is not easily got rid of or reformed without its own consent, yet every Senator knows precious well that ultimate power is vested in the people; and once the masses are aroused, such an anomaly as a life-appointed body grafted on a system of popular government would be swept away by some means or other, however drastic. The Canadian Senate is a feeble imitation of the House of Lords—another effete body, which, in spite of the phenomenal conservatism of the British people and the enormous intrenchments of privilege, will scarcely survive the century. The Canadian Senate-Chamber lacks the halo which surrounds heredity and boundless acres.

The House of Commons of Canada consists of 215 members. Each province is represented in the Commons on the basis of population. By the British North America Act the province of Quebec is to have 65 members, and each of the other provinces is to have as many members as will bear the same proportion to the number of its population as the 65 bears to the number of the population of Quebec.

At the period of confederation the four original provinces sent members on this basis as follows: Ontario, 82; Quebec, 65; Nova Scotia, 19; New Brunswick, 15.

By the census of 1871 Ontario gained six, Nova Scotia two, and New Brunswick one. Manitoba, Prince Edward Island, and British Columbia were admitted, and by special agreement were accorded the following representation in the Commons, which will remain at those figures until their proportional gain of population over Quebec entitles them or any of them to more: Manitoba, 5; Prince Edward Island, 6; British Columbia, 6.

By the census of 1881 Ontario made a further gain of four seats, but none of the other provinces made a gain on Quebec.

In 1886 the four territories of the Northwest were each accorded a member in the House of Commons, namely Alberta, Assiniboia East, Assiniboia West, and Saskatchewan. Therefore the representation of the several provinces and territories is as follows: Ontario, 92; Quebec, 65; Nova Scotia, 21; New Brunswick, 16; Prince Edward Island, 6; British Columbia, 6; Manitoba, 5; Northwest Territories, 4;—total, 215.

The House of Commons of Canada, precisely as the House of Commons of Great Britain, is the centre and source of all political power. In the Commons sit the ministers, and upon the vote of the Commons they are dependent every hour for their existence. There is always one, and sometimes two ministers in the Senate, who represent the government in that body, and answer all questions touching the acts of the administration. But this is merely the formula of things. The essence of everything is in the Commons. There is where the reporters sit. It is the debates in the Commons that everybody watches for and reads. The life of the Commons under the Constitution is five years, unless sooner dissolved by the Governor-General, which means, of course, the government. In any case, every four or five years there is a general election for the House of Commons, and that is the death-grip of the parties. That is the struggle for power. If a majority of members-elect will support Sir John Macdonald, his government stands. If a majority will vote non-confidence, then he falls, and a Liberal ministry is formed.

Does some one, with irrepressible temerity, venture to ask what are the distinctive issues between the two political parties of Canada? Well, this is not quite such an easy question to answer, especially by an active member of one of them. But if the political philosopher of the United States will take a moment for quiet reflection on the same problem in his own country, he may perchance be amazed to discover how little that is radical separates the two parties. Of late the trade policy looms up as a shibboleth. The Republican stands for protection, the Democrat for tariff reform. And yet there are protectionists among Democrats, free-traders among the Republicans, and reciprocity men among both. But enough has occurred in the history of popular government to satisfy any one that parties can continue to exist and fight with very little that is vital or practical separating them. The party flag once hoisted, and the party machine once created, it does not easily accept disintegration.

In Canada the parties have much in the way of memories. The Revolutionary war left a number of growing colonies in North America still owing allegiance to the British crown. At an early stage came up the problem of how they should be governed. Soon were heard the notes of discontent at Downing Street rule. It is a characteristic of the race to demand and secure self-government. Hence there soon arose a Liberal party, clamoring for the right to make laws to suit themselves, to have all the offices available for the people, and to do with the public revenues whatever suited them. There was also another party—the ultra blue-blood loyalist party—which believed that everything British was infallible, because the British authorities had bestowed the offices and emoluments upon them. The contest between these two factions was intensified largely by the incidents of the American Revolution. The Liberal party said to the Colonial Office, "Give us these larger privileges, and do not repeat the blunders which drove the thirteen colonies from you"; while the Tory magnates were as persistently saying to the home authorities: "Do not yield to their agitations, or you will have another rebellion upon your hands. Once give them an inch, and they will clamor for more, until they have destroyed British influence in the colony, and made independence a necessity."

On these lines the question of self-government was fought out, and with the greatest success. Every point sought by the colonial Liberals was conceded as far back as 1848, and now there is no more absolutely self-governing country in the world than Canada. The British authorities had gained wisdom by the blunders which led to the loss of the great colonies, which have now developed into a mighty nation. They not only never sought to impose burdens without representation, but as fast as reasonable demands for larger powers of self-government were pressed, they were conceded with good grace, and there has been in the main nothing but good feeling between the imperial government and all the British North-American provinces within the memory of any living man. The struggles for responsible government were the origin of the party names now borne in Canada. The Liberals, proud of their triumphs, point with complacency to the battles they have fought for the liberties of the people, and the boon which the people now enjoy is attributed to the struggles of their party. The Tory party of Canada has no memories which ought to bring any special pride, except that it has claimed to be the ultra-loyal party, or, as it is sometime called, the "trooly loil." But its strength at present consists in the fact that its leader, Sir John A. Macdonald, has drawn to him and enrolled in his party a number of the brightest men of Liberal traditions, and, in addition to this, he has himself in relation to public works pursued a policy which in the most literal sense may be denominated liberal. On the other hand he has assumed the responsibility of plunging Canada into the vortex of a protective policy. He has deliberately aimed to build up this country independently of the United States in every sense and particular, while the Liberal party stand for commercial freedom, and believe that this country can never be indifferent to the presence upon her borders, and embracing her from ocean to ocean, of a nation even now the greatest industrially that exists on the face of the globe, and destined to far outvie all competitors. Reciprocal trade with the United States is the most important and vital issue between the parties, and upon which the next general election will be fought.

But if the naked truth must be told, the most potent issue at this juncture is the question, "Shall we have this man, John A., to rule over us?" This does not seem a very elevated position for the Canadian people to occupy. It would imply either great national weakness or enormous ability and strength on the part of Sir John. Neither is the fact. Sir John Macdonald is far from being a man of large ideas or great force of character. He may be described as a shrewd man, with agreeable social qualities, wonderfully free from any strong convictions, guiltless of ideas, but with a peculiar faculty of gauging the situation pretty accurately and averaging up public opinion with great judgment. Besides this, he has had luck which has enabled him to obtain power and keep it for a long time, until now he has acquired wonderful prestige—the most important quality a public man can possess. But the result of his last twelve years of power has been the building up of a "machine." This term is strictly American, and can be understood best by American readers. He acquired power in 1878 by disseminating the germs of protection. His first act after being once more installed in office was the framing of a tariff on a protective basis. Each year since has witnessed another turn of the screw, until Canada may now be put down as a highly protected country. In the process of creating this system, with all power centred in the Executive, it will be easily understood how naturally a great machine can be built up. Each industry goes to Ottawa for more fiscal favors, and they are obtained upon clear conditions either expressed or implied. And while this great system of combined interests has been built up, a vast expenditure of public money on public works has taken place. The Canadian Pacific Railway has been built, and other railways all over the Dominion subsidized. Canals have been deepened and piers and breakwaters constructed. This has created another machine among the contractors and speculators, and both of these powerful machines are under the direct influence and control of Sir John A. Macdonald. The Liberal party at this juncture have to fight against the government and the machine. The protected manufacturers stand ready to subscribe funds to perpetuate a system which enables them to prey upon the rest of the community, while the contractors are not slow to contribute to the maintenance of a system which keeps things lively, and opens up frequent opportunities for fat contracts. All this concentrates in Sir John. At present there are no conspicuous public men associated with him. His government is, in the main, a collection of mediocrities. Therefore Sir John becomes the focal point. Hence his power.

What is destined to destroy him is the revolt of the masses against tariff exactions, and the growing conviction that ultimate trade relations with the United States are absolutely essential to the growth and material well-being of the country. The only thing which has stood in the way of the triumph of these views in the country is the apathy of the American government and Congress. Recent events have served to show that more interest is being evoked on the question in the United States, and the next general election in Canada will witness a most desperate struggle between the machine and the people on this question. The elections will be held about one year hence, and reciprocity will be the issue.

Canada has made rapid progress since 1867 in both revenue and expenditure. The fiscal year ends June 30th. The total revenue of Canada for the first year after confederation, ending June 30, 1868, was $13,687,928, and the total expenditure for that year was $13,468,092. For the year ending June 30, 1889, the total revenue was $38,782,870, and the total expenditure on current account was $36,917,835. The public debt has also made large advances, it being incurred almost entirely for public works. In 1867 the gross public debt of Canada was $93,046,051. The assets amounted to $17,317,410, leaving a net public debt of $75,728,641. For the year ending June 30, 1889, the gross debt was $287,722,063, the assets $50,192,021, and the net debt $237,530,042.

The total imports for the year ending June 30, 1889, was $115,224,931, and the total exports for the same period was $89,189,167. To show how far the United States is interested in this trade, it may be mentioned that of the exports $43,522,404 was sent to the United States, $38,105,126 to Great Britain, and less than $8,000,000 to the rest of the world. Of the imports there was received from the United States, $56,537,440; from Great Britain, $42,317,389; and less than $17,000,000 from the rest of the world. The balance of trade has been in favor of the United States uniformly and without exception since 1867.

Canada has several problems of an interesting and far-reaching character which are engaging the attention of the people. The first and widest of all is what is to be her destiny. At this moment, with five millions and more of people, with great wealth, rapidly developing industries, with two of the greatest railway systems in America or the world, and with all the elements of national life, Canada is nothing but a "colony," an "appendage" to the British crown. This position is humiliating, but it pays. The people of Canada have all the advantages of British prestige for their protection. All the ministers and consuls of the empire are the servants of the Canadian people without cost, and they have been able to work out large problems of domestic economy undisturbed by any haunting sense of foreign aggression, or any responsibility for the happenings of the world at large. But it is absurd to say that Canadians will be content much longer to hold the position of colonists. The hour is approaching when this question will come up for serious and definite settlement. All thoughtful persons recognize this.

How it will be settled is certainly a perplexing problem. Men there are in both Canada and Great Britain who still dream of a united empire, with all the colonial possessions scattered throughout the world joined in a confederacy in which all will be coordinate in power and equal in responsibility. Imperial federation leagues exist in Canada, and the members, who, it must be admitted, are numerous, talk and act as if they really meant something. Perhaps they do, but it is difficult for a rational mind to believe that a body of intelligent people, with such surroundings and instincts as are found in Canada, would deliberately ally themselves with the effete monarchialism of Europe, with its remains of feudalism, its hereditary aristocracy, its state Church, and its military systems, involving not only enormous annual expense, but the withdrawal of a vast percentage of the able-bodied citizens from useful industrial life to become a body of permanent police supported by the rest of the community. Imperial federation may become a reality, but it looks to the average observer to be a huge chimera, a midsummer dream.

Others there are who think that the manifest destiny of Canada is to become part of the great continent to which it belongs. These people argue that Canadian institutions are naturally moulded under the same broad influences of North-American civilization as characterize those of the United States; that monarchy can never permanently flourish in America; and therefore, since Canada is bound ultimately to have a republican form of government, and has already the federal system, it would subserve the interests of the whole continent to have one federal government instead of two, as at present. This idea sounds well, and looks reasonable enough, but, to say truly, it is not a popular conception of the destiny of Canada. There is at present a marked prejudice against annexation among the Canadian people. It may be only a prejudice, and it may wear away, but it is founded upon sentiment, and this is an ugly customer to reckon with when determining national problems. Unfortunately there have been unpleasant incidents between the United States and Canada, and in the former country disagreeable things have been said, chiefly, no doubt, with a view to having a stab at Great Britain. But these untoward incidents have had their effect. They have sunk into the national heart, and there is consequently a deep-seated prejudice against political union with our great neighbor lurking in most minds in Canada. Events may dispel this. Friendly action on the part of the United States may cause a new and better spirit to prevail. At present a majority of the Canadian people do not look to union with the United States as the ultimate destiny of the country.

The history of mankind is eloquent of the fact that no English community was ever coerced or bullied into doing anything. He does gross injustice to the Canadian people who supposes for a moment that they carry their loyalty and self-respect in a peddler's pack. Jingoes exist in Canada as well as in the United States, and these would be very glad to have events so shape themselves that there should be constant ill feeling between the two sections of the continent, and Downing Street rule be made perpetual in Canada. But the great mass of the people are strongly disposed to be on most friendly terms with the United States. Great admiration is felt for American institutions, and a growing sense of the vast extent and meaning of the problems which American civilization is opening up. Nevertheless, no one will submit to coercion. If it were not for the blatant utterances of the tail-twisters, and the arrogant tone of a portion of the American press, it would be a much simpler and quieter task to dispose of British power in North America. A broad and generous policy on the part of a great and powerful nation, whose position is assured, toward a smaller and weaker neighbor, would quickly enough be pregnant with results favorable to the interests of all parties.

Canada has one problem which is likely to be always an element of difficulty and uncertainty. One province of the Dominion is almost entirely French. The population of Quebec is about 1,500,000 of whom 1,200,000 at least are French in blood, language, sentiment, and instincts. The English minority, instead of making progress as is usual with the race, is constantly falling behind in the province, being driven out as it were. The whole consolidated French population is solidly Roman Catholic, and largely under the control of an ecclesiastical hierarchy as powerful and as well established as that of Italy. It is intensely French, and religiously it differs widely from the mother-land, where the Church is but a feeble factor, and the predominant spirit is that of free-thought and anti-clericalism. At the time of the conquest or cession of Quebec it was expressly stipulated by the British authorities that the French population should be always entitled to speak their language, maintain their religion, and administer their laws and institutions. As a consequence, the province of Quebec has a government and Legislature essentially French. The Code Napoléon is the common law, and French is the language of the courts. Parish tithes are collected, convents, monasteries, seminaries, and other religious institutions stud the province, and it is not going too far to say that the Church can control the politics of the province if it chooses to put forth its united energies to this end.

From the day that French Canada became a British colony the English have always cherished the hope that gradually, as the French population mixed and mingled with the dominant race, they would become assimilated. No greater delusion was ever cherished. The province of Quebec is more intensely French to-day than ever before, and recently all disguises have been thrown off, and the French Canadians, through their political leaders, have declared themselves forever French, in the most confident and aggressive manner. It so happens that, as a race, the French are as tenacious of their language and nationality as the English, and the case could not be more strongly stated. The two races cannot amalgamate. They are destined to remain distinct under the existing order of things.

It must not be inferred that this condition of affairs is very serious, or has led to any real difficulties or embarrassments in the government of the country. The French Canadians are law-abiding, and as loyal to the institutions under which they live as the English, and imbued with as much national pride. Up to the present there has been no serious jar in the political situation from the presence of a body of French members in Parliament. Quebec sends sixty-five members to the House of Commons. At present, fifty-one of these are French, and fourteen English. But the French members are about equally divided between the two political parties. Half are Liberal and half are Conservative, and their party feelings are as strong as those of the English members. The Liberal party has elected one of their French members, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, its leader, and the fact that he is French and Catholic does not weigh against him among the Protestant population in the English provinces, except perhaps among a few fanatics, who are bound to exist in every country, and who form no appreciable factor in the political struggles of the country. It is not likely that the French people of Quebec would have the province separated from the British empire, to be placed under the tricolor of France, if they could; nor are there any strong indications that the annexation sentiment is any stronger in Quebec than in the other provinces. There is one powerful influence which will always militate against political union with the United States in Quebec, and that is the Church. One reason among others for this is found a long way this side of matters which pertain to the kingdom of heaven. In the United States it is a very good thing to be a bishop or an archbishop, but there the matter ends. The dignitary is simply "bishop" or "archbishop." But in Canada every bishop is addressed "my Lord," and "your Lordship," while every archbishop is designated "your Grace," and "May it please your Grace." Besides, her Majesty, in prescribing a table of precedence in Canada, has given the dignitaries of the Church a high place. The order is substantially as follows:

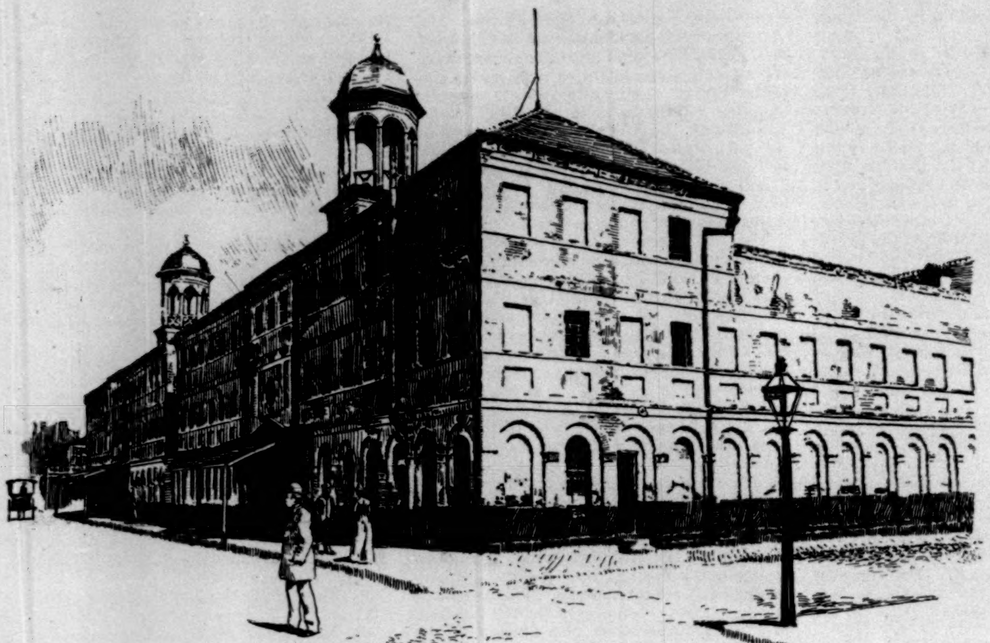
1. Governor-General.
2. General and Admiral commanding.
3. Lieutenant-Governors of the several provinces.
4. Archbishops and bishops, according to seniority.
5. Cabinet Ministers.
6. Chief Justices of Superior Courts.
7. Retired Privy Councillors.
8. Generals of army and Admirals of navy not in command.
9. Officers commanding forces in Canada of less rank than General.
10. Members of Senate.
11. Puisne Judges of Superior Courts.
12. Members of House of Commons.
13. Members of provincial governments.
14. Members of Legislative Council.
15. Members of House of Assembly.

It is not to be supposed that high dignitaries of the Church will willingly surrender this precedence and the titles which they enjoy in Canada to accept the democratic commonplaces which prevail in the United States. Canada has one cardinal, the Archbishop Taschereau, of Quebec. At a state dinner given by the Governor-General of Canada to Prince George at Quebec not long since, it happened that Sir John Ross, the general commanding, and Admiral Watson, commander of the British North-American squadron, were both to be guests. There being no provision in the table for cardinals, his eminence, who was invited, had to take his place simply as archbishop, below both the general and the admiral. When he ascertained that this was the case, and no place was assigned for a prince of the Church, he promptly forwarded his excuses, and remained in his palace.

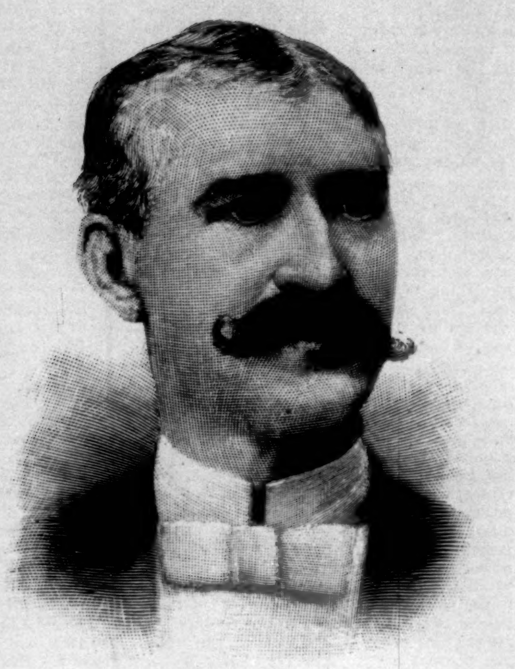
The French problem is not now a very disturbing one, but it always carries with it the possibilities of trouble. The French population of Quebec is beginning to swarm into Ontario, and mutterings are heard of French aggression. In the new states and territories in the Northwest the French have had enough influence to provide for a dual language, that is, the statutes and proceedings and official documents of the territory are to be printed and published in both languages. The result has shown that the English are far ahead in the business of colonization; and so these territories are seeking exemption from the burdens of a second language, which proposition the French resist in Parliament bitterly, and this leads to fierce debates, and utterances which rankle afterward. Besides, it must not be supposed that the Protestant Church does not view with prejudice, which it is impossible to conceal or disguise, the supremacy of a hierarchy so powerful as that of Quebec, and so really potent in the government of the country. Nevertheless, these difficulties which beset the Canadian patriot are not without their uses. It is only by meeting difficulties and overcoming them that national character is formed, and none of the serious problems which confront the statesmen of Canada bear on their face the appearance of danger or despair.

The greatest immediate problem, and one which it is most important to settle, is the fiscal one. Canada has all the elements of national life and success. She has territory enough, resources enough, and population and wealth will quickly come. But owing to the geographical configuration of the continent, interprovincial trade is beset with insuperable difficulties. The United States, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, constitutes the natural commercial complement of the various divided sections of the Dominion. Intercontinental trade, instead of interprovincial trade, is what Canada needs to secure her permanent prosperity. Let it not be supposed that in conferring this the United States is doing any favor to Canada in the sense of a favor. The trade between the two countries will be fraught with mutual advantages, and cannot possibly do any permanent injury to either. The conditions of industry are the same, and no good reason can be assigned and no worthy object gained on either side by a foolish war of tariffs.

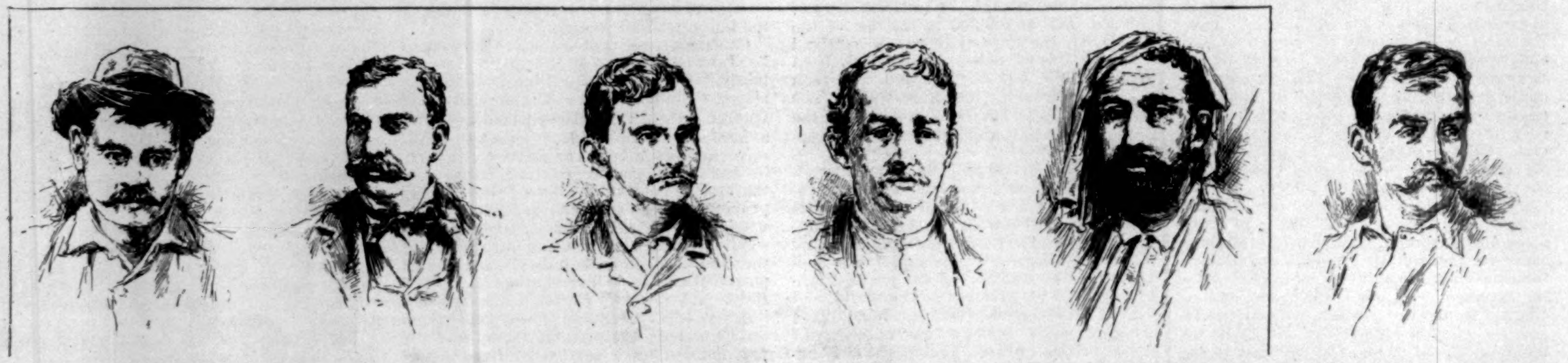
Canada has great potentialities. She is growing a little more rapidly than the United States. With the opening up of the great Northwest and extension of the railway system, the growth will be greater and more marked each decade. Compare the possibilities of Canada with those of Denmark, Belgium, Portugal, or even Italy and Spain, and every one must recognize that in fifty years' time the world will see a community arising in the northern half of North America, following in the footsteps of the great nation to the south of it in industrial prosperity and national power, and leaving European empires far behind.



THE PARISH PRISON, WHERE THE ACCUSED ASSASSINS ARE CONFINED.

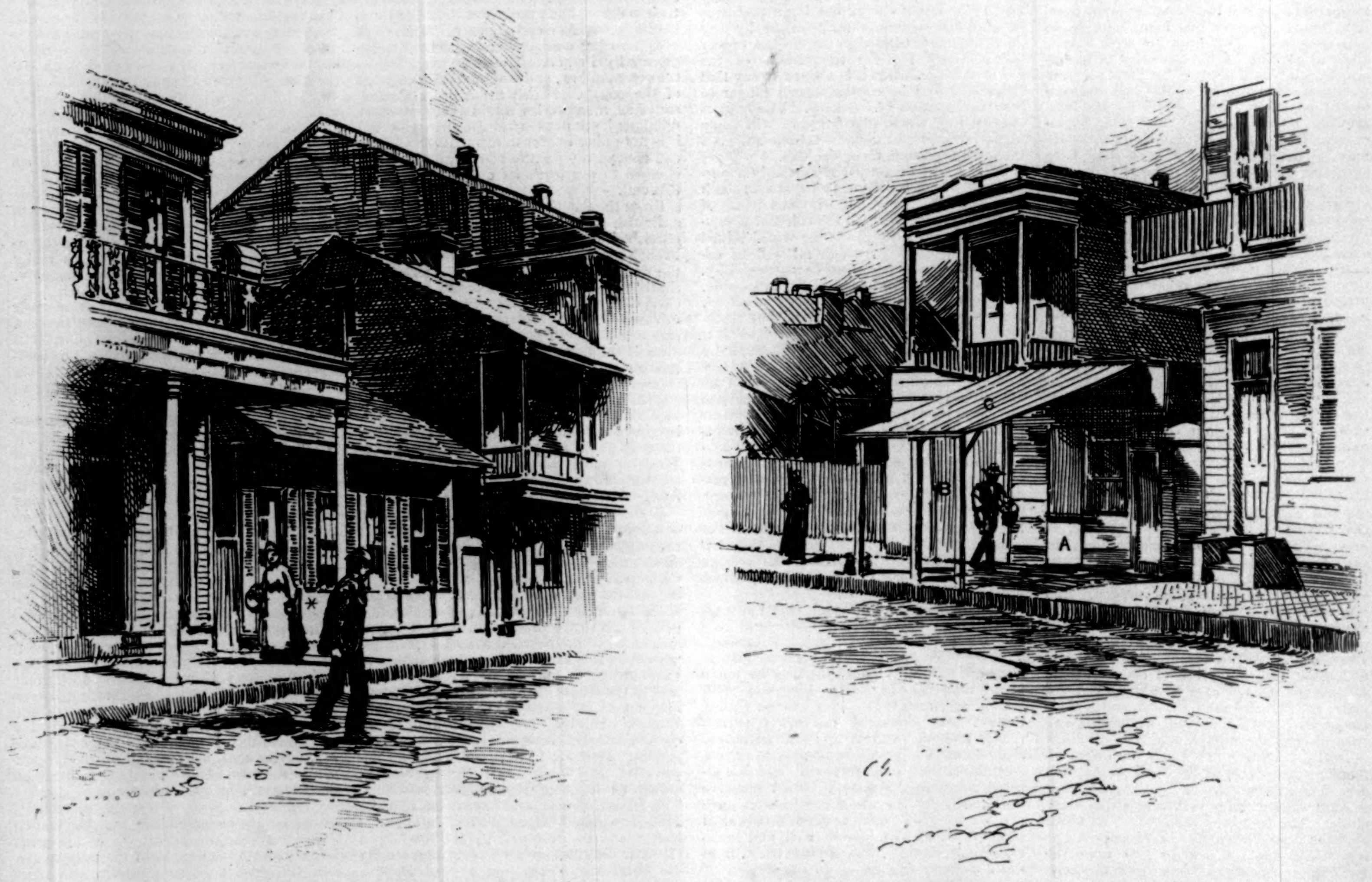


DAVID C. HENNESSY, LATE CHIEF OF POLICE.



ANTONIO SCAFFIDI. JOSEPH P. MACHECA. A. BAGNETTO. JOHN MATRANGA. PIETRO MASTERO. TOM DUFFY.—(The Newsboy who Shot one of the Assassins.)

SUPPOSED LEADERS AND INSTRUMENTS OF "THE MAFIA."



* Where Hennessy stood when first fired at.

A. Mastero's Shanty, in which the Assassins lay in wait. **B.** Wagon Gateway from which they emerged. **C.** Shed under which they stood when firing.

THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING, SHOWING THE UPPER AND LOWER SIDES OF GIROD STREET.

"THE MAFIA" IN NEW ORLEANS.—[See Page 874.]

GEORGE WASHBURN SMALLEY.

FOR more than a score of years the signature "G. W. S." has been affixed to the brilliant letters, printed in conspicuous type, of the New York *Tribune's* chief European correspondent. Their writer enjoys a peculiar distinction among American journalists. Certainly no other has sustained a higher literary standard, or, in his department, a public and professional reputation of equal note. His brother writers at one time or another may see cause to dissent from his outspoken comments and opinions, but they all read his letters with the interest felt by the public at large, and with recognition of their ability, sincerity, and abundant resources of information; and they take a certain pride in the position so long maintained abroad with force and dignity by an American of their own craft.

His record is that of a thorough-bred New-Englander, a scholar by instinct and training, a member of the bar who early left the practice of the law, and at once took first rank as a newspaper writer. This he has ever since held, with every advantage that fearless convictions, talent, social position, taste and learning, and a remarkable journalistic insight could afford him.

George Washburn Smalley was born of good Old Colony stock, in Franklin, Suffolk County, Massachusetts, June 2, 1833, and is now in his prime of physical and mental vigor. He entered Yale in 1849 as a member of the now well-known "Class of '53." In the class-room his gifts and thorough equipment soon became apparent. Though somewhat indifferent to honors, it was plain that such as he cared for were within his reach. He was a born classicist, and one of his division men says that to hear him read and construe Greek was like listening to a trout brook. He was also noted for athletic prowess—an uncommon thing in those days—and was stroke-oar in the first Yale-Harvard four-oared boat race, on Lake Winnepesaukee. Some of his most vivid letters in after-life have been those describing the Oxford and Cambridge contests on the Thames. At the close of his university course—during which he stood in the front with such classmates as Andrew D. White, Charlton T. Lewis, James M. Whiton, Randall Lee Gibson, Benjamin K. Phelps, Isaac H. Bromley, Wayne MacVeagh, and others long since distinguished for their respective achievements—he read law at Worcester, Massachusetts, in the office of Hon. George F. Hoar. After a course at the Harvard Law School, he was admitted to the bar in 1856, and practised in Boston until the opening of the civil war. By conviction a radical of the polemic Massachusetts type, he became warmly affiliated with Wendell Phillips and his associates. At the outbreak of hostilities he entered journalism in the service of the *Tribune*, going at once to the front—at first to South Carolina, whence he shortly was transferred to Virginia and the campaigns of the Shenandoah and the Potomac. After Antietam his newspaper forestalled its rivals with Mr. Smalley's description of that battle, written at high speed, and unsurpassed, perhaps not equalled, by any effort of the kind made during the whole war. It excited universal admiration, and most auspiciously began his newspaper career.

Since that time the work of no American writer has been more welcome. Probably the critical verdicts of no other correspondent have been so authoritative at home and abroad.

In 1862 Mr. Smalley married Miss Phœbe Garnaut, of Boston, the adopted daughter of Wendell Phillips, and assumed an editorial chair in the *Tribune* office. In 1866 he visited Europe at a day's notice to observe and report the war between Prussia and Austria. In May, 1867, he went to England with power to organize the European bureau of his journal, and established himself permanently at London. His letters from the scene of action during the Franco-German war—1870—were of a conspicuous and masterly order. Attaching himself to the German head-quarters, he gained the respect and friendship of Bismarck and the general staff. Kinglake, the historian, pronounced his success at this time in forming a London-New York newspaper alliance for the purpose of war news "an era in the journalism of Europe." Since then he has left England from time to time for professional visits to Paris, Berlin, etc., upon occasions of unusual interest. It has been his lot to chronicle and comment upon, often to predict, the political changes of Great Britain and the Continent, to describe notable pageants, and characterize the art, the drama, and the literature of the transatlantic world. In every province he has been on terms with leading personages, and closely informed of essential facts.

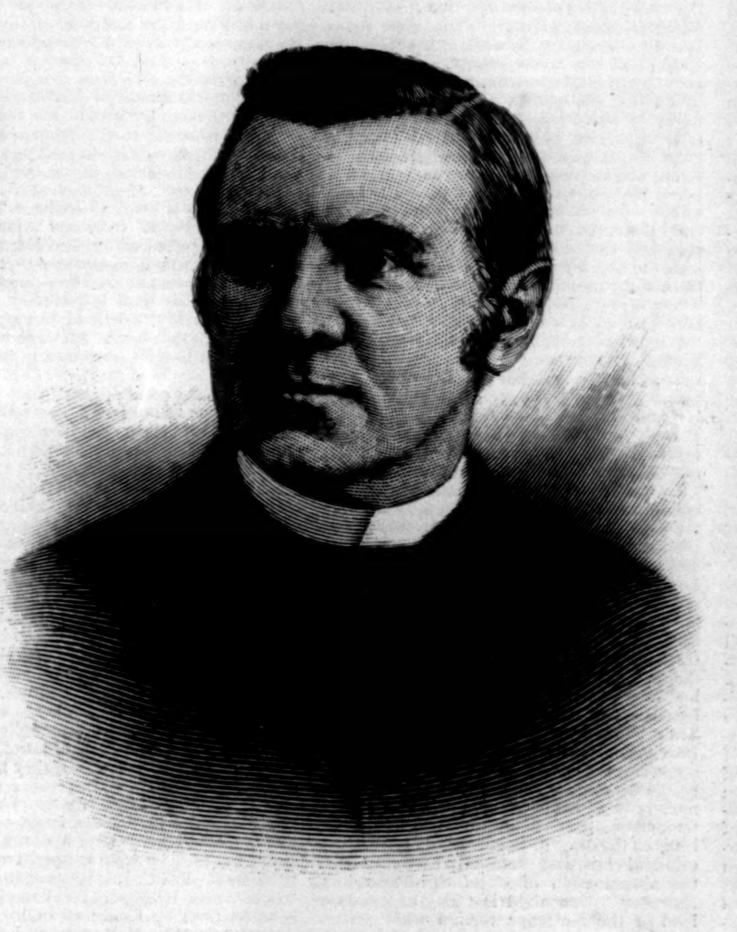
For years his London life at his residence in the select region of Hyde Park Square has been of an ideal type. Many of the foremost men and women of Great Britain, and of his own country, have there received the hospitalities in which he is assisted by the tact and grace of an accomplished wife. The Smalleys, in turn, are welcome guests in not a few of the best houses in England. With all the opportunities thus afforded, and in confidential relations with our successive ministers at London, Mr. Smalley never has overstepped the bounds of propriety in the transmission of news, or made important errors of fact, or lessened the dignity of either his social or his journalistic position.

The Smalleys have two sons and three daughters. Mr. Phillips Smalley, the elder son, after some years at Balliol College, Oxford, is now a lawyer of this city.

For a long period Mr. Smalley was intimate with Mr. Gladstone, and he participated in several of the Midlothian campaigns. Some of his recent letters have criticised, though with entire respect, the "grand old man," whose triumphs he so often has recorded. Meanwhile his taste and authority as a virtuoso in art, music, the drama, and especially in relation to book collection and the making of fine books, have been of value and charm to connoisseurs. He is of late paying much attention to copyright and to the rights of authors, among whom he now is to be counted. Often having been urged by his friends to compile in book form some of his characteristic writings, or to write a book on modern England, he has laughingly replied to the latter suggestion that he has been too long a London resident to risk the venture. At last, however, he is about to issue a collection, in two volumes, through the presses of the Messrs. Macmillan in England and Harper & Brothers in America, of *London Letters, and Some Others.* These comprise a series of forty critical sketches of men of the time, with nearly all of whom he has been in personal relations. Upon the list are the names of Bismarck and his son, Gambetta, Louis Blanc, Bright, Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Darwin, Carlyle, Mill, Browning, Arnold, Lord Hartington, John Morley, Renan, Laurence Oliphant, Lowell, etc. These "Personalities" are followed by accounts of "Two Midlothian Campaigns," by unique "Notes on the Social Life of England," and "Notes on Parliament," by descriptions of pageants, and by "Miscellanies" on political, social, and literary themes. The work furnishes a conspectus of the chief people and events of modern times, and is notable for its force and purity of English style. The historical quality of Mr. Smalley's English has long been recognized. The London *Spectator* ten years ago, commenting upon the barrenness of the foreign correspondence in London daily journals, exclaimed that "Facts come in plenty—isolated facts, dry facts, barren facts—but of history in the true sense, history like the history of England which 'G.W.S.' furnishes to the New York *Tribune*, there is none." It has been noticed that the "Library of American Literature" contains more of Mr. Smalley's writings than of those by any other journalist of his generation. The editors explain that they were forced to the conclusion that in thought and style nothing signed by any one of his compeers was of equal significance.

Mr. Smalley's virile temperament has carried him easily and doubtless enjoyably through the "merry wars" of his chosen profession, in which, nevertheless, his resources of epigram, satire, and scholarship have not been vindictively displayed. He is a loyal friend and able foe. It need only* be added that he is American to the backbone in spite of his prolonged foreign residence; that if he has been at home a judicious critic of his countrymen's shortcomings, he is in England the stanch defender of their true virtues, and of the motives and sentiment which constitute the American idea.

EDMUND C. STEDMAN.



GEORGE W. SMALLEY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CONTEMPORARY LONDON.†

"HE made a study of England; knew its history, social organization, and current daily life, both political and personal, as few foreigners have known it. His letters are composed with the care he gave to everything he wrote; never slovenly, or hurried, or superficial, or gossiping. There are, on the whole, perhaps no ten volumes about England more instructive nor many more readable." These sentences, written by Mr. Smalley concerning the work of Louis Blanc, admirably characterize his own. In his quarter of a century of London life he has become more English than the English on the one side; while, on the other, his keen American observation is forever alert. The result is a sort of stereoscopic vision on his part, and the reversion to his readers of a series of portraits of persons and scenes singularly bold of outline and vivid of expression. Bismarck, Gambetta, the German Emperor, Carlyle, Darwin, Lord Beaconsfield, the Queen, Mr. Gladstone, John Stuart Mill, Lord Shaftesbury, Gustave Doré, Lord Randolph Churchill, Browning, Mrs. Procter—all the men and women whose names are best known in the social and political world to-day, this faithful chronicler shows us in their habit as they lived.

Here, the scene is the Reichstag; the occasion, the first message from the new Emperor, Frederick, dying at Charlottenburg; the dominant figure, the great Chancellor.

"He strides heavily in; it is but a step from the door to the spot where the scarlet portfolio is waiting for him, but the weight of the step is what first strikes you. It is not lassitude; it is sheer physical bulk. He stands six feet two, and his frame is the frame of a giant. He is broad and square in the shoulders and deep-chested; the arms are big; the legs are big; and that part of the body which is intermediate between the legs and chest is big, not gross. He is as heroic in his physical proportions as in his character. The head is set on the shoulders and almost into them with a singular solidity and closeness. The man is all of a piece—body and mind, as it were, fused and welded together. Faithful as are many of the photographs, I remember none which brings out plainly the helmet shape of the head. It is the head of Pericles; dome-like in its amplitude as well as in its curve, with a breadth at the temples which its towering height cannot disguise; and far overhanging the steel-gray eyes, which look out as from caverns, deep fringed with gray eyebrows. There is no regularity of feature or of contour. The nose is short and carelessly moulded; the mouth you must imagine, for a gray mustache shades it; the jaw is the jaw—well, of Prince Bismarck, and of him alone. The stamp of power, of irresistible force, is on face and figure; into this one human form has nature for once collected all her irrepressible energies, and subdued them to his overmastering will."

Of that dashing young guerilla, Lord Randolph Churchill, we have a full-length portrait. He is slight, elegant, patrician, carefully dressed, indifferent, speaking well and often wittily, in a voice not deep but of singular carrying power, fond of invective and clever at it, as when he said of Mr. Gladstone: "The Prime Minister is the greatest living master of the art of personal political advertisement. For the purpose of recreation he has selected the felling of trees: his amusements, like his politics, are essentially destructive. Every afternoon the whole world is invited to assist at the crashing fall of some beech or elm or oak. The forest laments in order that Mr. Gladstone may perspire." Mr. Smalley takes Lord Randolph more seriously than he seems often to take himself, remarking that though he is called a Tory-Democrat, there is a great deal more of the Democrat than of the Tory about him. Aristocrat as he is by birth and position, he is yet a true champion of the people, standing nearer, indeed, to the English people than any other of his party, and sooner or later to be preferred by the people before all others.

Through the friendly lorgnette of our guide, philosopher, and friend we get quite a new impression of that best-hated man in the three kingdoms, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland. He is, it appears, an ardent student, one of the only two young men of his acquaintance, according to Mr. Gladstone, who buy books, Lord Rosebery being the other. More surprising still, this academic reactionary was one of Mr. Gladstone's pet boys. He is, moreover, fond of society, a brilliant talker, an excellent diner-out, and a universal favorite, being ever mindful, notwithstanding his truculent baying in Ireland, that 'twere pity of his life to frighten the ladies, and that he must roar them as gently as any sucking dove.

To the greatest man in England—the ex-Prime Minister, the scholar, the author, the devout Churchman, the adroit politician, the whilom Tory, the present home-ruler, the Old Parliamentary Hand, as he describes himself—Gladstone, a hundred or two pages are devoted by our clever scribe. Among these annals are the records of the two visits of this extraordinary political pilgrim to Midlothian—the first in 1879, the second in 1884—when the self-contained and canny Scot gave his hero such a welcome of cheers and decorations and patient waitings for his appearance as the more fervent and expressive Gaul might have given to Gambetta.

"This" (at West Calder), writes Mr. Smalley, "was more purely than either of the others an audience of tenant farmers—the veritable constituency of the county; the actual cultivators of the soil; the men who plough the land and do the voting; hard, shrewd Scotchmen, skilled in agriculture and dogmatic theology, whose life is one long struggle with the elements on week-days, and with the Prince of Darkness on Sundays. Not much rapturous enthusiasm to be got out of them, surely. Well, not much more nor much less than would take the roof off this pavilion had it lasted another five minutes. The cheers rose and fell only to rise again louder than before. Well might Mr. Gladstone in his opening sentence say it warmed him. The greeting these stern men gave him was not merely enthusiastic; it glowed with the fervor of deep affection. Now, if ever, was it seen how dark and true and tender is the North."

From this very class of devout peasants came Thomas Carlyle, dour and stern, living his London life in a way as narrowly like Ecclefechan as might be. Mr. Smalley recalls his first evening with the grim old "writer of books," as he described himself in his famous petition. He was then past seventy.

"No sign of decay was there about him. The eye was full, the glance swift, sure, penetrating. The hollowness of the socket, the deep shadow beneath the eye, were the traces not of illness, except such as was chronic, but of life-long vigil and study. A sad, stern face I called it just now, and I know not whether it was more sad or stern, nor whether the sadness of it was not deepest when he laughed. He had still a florid complexion, and the ruddy hue stood out strongly against the iron-gray hair, which fell in shaggy clumps about his forehead, while the eyes, naturally deep-set, seemed lost beneath the thicket of eyebrow which overshadowed them. The mustache and beard he wore full—wrinkled and gnarled rather than curled. When he laughed, the grim squareness of the jaw showed itself. It was a portentous laugh—open-mouthed and deep-lunged and prolonged, ending mostly in a shout of triumph, and seldom quite glad or kindly. . . . Tea and questions over, the strong fibres relaxed a little. He sat himself down by the fireside on the floor, his back against the jamb of the chimney-piece, took a comb out of his pocket, and combed down his tangled bushy hair till it hid his forehead altogether, and you could no longer see where the hair ended and the eyebrows began.

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* Since this was written, a resolution has been adopted by the World's Fair Committee on Foreign Affairs offering Mr. Smalley the general agency of the commission in London.

† *London Letters, and Some Others.* By GEORGE W. SMALLEY. In Two Volumes. Vol. I.: Personalities—Two Midlothian Campaigns. Vol. II.: Notes on Social Life—Notes on Parliament—Pageants—Miscellanies. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges, and Gilt Tops, $6 00. Harper & Brothers, N. Y.

This done, he filled and lighted his pipe—a long clay pipe, quite new, known, I think, as a church-warden—quite two feet from bowl to mouth-piece. As the perfume of the tobacco filled the room, and the clouds of smoke rolled about him, he began to talk again."

And here is a pleasant story of her Majesty and this Orson, which reminds one of her royal uncle's picking the bones of the grouse when he saw his luckless guest so employed.

"Dean Stanley, who was among Carlyle's friends, and who was one of several ecclesiastical pets of royalty, once arranged a meeting at the Deanery between Carlyle and the Queen, by the Queen's desire. It took place not long after he had declined the Grand Cross of the Bath—the acceptance of which would have made him Sir Thomas Carlyle, K.C.B.... They met at five o'clock tea, and a considerable number of persons were present. Carlyle was duly presented by the Dean, and was graciously received. It is said that he at once took the lead in the conversation, and even gave voice to his loyal wishes for the Queen's health—two breaches of etiquette which made the hair of the assembled courtiers to stand on end. This I believe to be scandal, but what is certain is that Carlyle, upon the Queen's polite speeches to him coming to an end, forthwith looked about him for a seat and sat down, to the unspeakable horror of the company, every other member of which knew well that it was high treason to sit in the Queen's presence till her Majesty had commanded them to be seated. But the Queen, less horror-struck than the rest, and with that good-breeding of which she is mistress when she chooses, saved the situation by seating herself, and waving her royal hand to the rest to be seated also; enforcing her command with the voice, after a moment, upon one or two upright members of the group."

A very different figure from the Queen in dowdy gown and bonnet, in her favorite Lady Augusta Stanley's drawing-room, kindly screening the social blunders of the Scotch Diogenes, is the Queen as she opens Parliament. Of this occasion, after a brilliant description of the House of Lords, with its glittering congregation of peers and peeresses, we are told "at ten minutes past two came a blast of trumpets. The Queen had arrived at the outer entrance. The whole company rose. The Prince of Wales rose, and remained standing. A moment later the door to the right opened, and amid perfect stillness, broken only by the involuntary rustle of silk and the never-silenced stir of a multitude, the head of the royal procession was seen advancing, pursuivants and heralds in quaint attire leading the way. The age of chivalry is not gone; it survives, if in nothing else, in costume. These living relics of another and a more picturesque civilization move as if the weight of armor still burdened their limbs. It is not the cuirass but the tabard wrought in strange device; the corselet has gone, but the doublet and mantle are here, with rampant lion and leopard couchant, the royal arms of England and Scotland, and I know not what else, emblazoned in velvet and silk, in or, argent, and gules, rouge-dragon and rouge-croix, portcullis and blue mantle head the procession. The Middle Ages are walking in. The feudal system is here in person, and all you have read of tournaments and court pageants is masquerading before you.... The Comptroller of her Majesty's Household, Norroy King of Arms, Clarencieux King of Arms are here; the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod follows him who precedes the Earl Marshal of the Realm. The Cap of Maintenance is carried by the Marquis of Winchester, high privilege to which he hath ancestral right as premier marquis of England. The Lord Privy Seal and Lord President of the Council are rear-guard to the Cap, and advance-guard to the Sword of State, borne by Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister. He wields this gilt but formidable weapon as if he would gladly lay it down; not as Lord Beaconsfield bore it, upright in his two hands, straight before him, pride in his port, and with profound enjoyment of the pageant wherein he was so great a figure. These and many other great personages streamed in, so far as one could see, in no particular order, but each in shining raiment or uniform of blazing scarlet and gold, and grouped themselves about the throne.

"The Queen appears. Her Majesty moves slowly through the door with that astonishing dignity of bearing which nigh fifty years of sovereignty have bestowed upon her short stout figure. She acknowledges the grave greeting of her lieges by scarcely more than a glance of the eye. I thought she had grown gray since last I saw her, and that the lines of the temples and about the mouth were cut deeper than ever. It can never have been more than a comely face, and there is nothing, strictly speaking, in its contour, and nothing in the figure which can be called beautiful or noble. What strikes you, nevertheless, is the air of authority and the air of stern sincerity which sits upon this royal brow, and marks the least gesture of the Queen. The sadness of the face is profoundly touching; the firmness with which the burden—the all but intolerable burden—of her life is borne appeals to your respect.... Her Majesty is clad in deep black, trimmed with ermine at the edges; her gown, with low neck and long train, is better made than when she last walked through that door near six years ago. On her head a diadem of brilliants; on her neck glows a living light which flashes to the farther end of the hall—the priceless Koh-i-noor.... We are all watching the Queen as she mounts the two steps, and seats herself on the throne, where the royal robes of crimson velvet and white silk embroidered in gold, which she ought to wear, are hanging. When she has taken her seat, the royal robes do certainly look as if they were part of the attire of the occupant of the big chair."

Not only the great personages who make up society in London come to judgment in these entertaining volumes, but the very structure and secret of that society—its forms, its fads, its fashions, its future. Conversation and the great conversers, the effect of money on the highest prosperity of society, the American girl in England—all these subjects are taken up with a touch so light that the author's firm hold is not at first visible. Notes on Ireland, on Parliament, scores of personal sketches, thoughts on books, miscellanies, and a dozen other topics complete the "infinite riches in a little room" which these volumes contain.

Carlyle, in one of his letters to Caroline Fox, beseeches her to use "her swift neat pen" in his behalf. It is the swift neat pen of Mr. Smalley that made his newspaper work literature; though his fascinating pages must have been written at the veteran journalist's pace.

"THE MAFIA" IN NEW ORLEANS.

New Orleans has been deeply moved by the assassination of David C. Hennessy, Chief Superintendent of Police. The crime is believed to have been the work of the Mafia, an oath-bound, murderous society, long formidable in Sicily, and transplanted to this country by Sicilian immigrants. Hennessy was shot down by concealed assassins, near midnight of October 15th, as he was about to enter the door of his own home. To a friend who found him helpless from his wounds, he whispered that "the dagoes" had committed the crime. Several Italians were seen hastening from the region of the assassination, and the man believed to be the sole person to have seen the murder done has identified at least three of the Italians under arrest on suspicion. There is much feeling against the whole Italian colony in New Orleans, and at times since the murder there have been fears of riot. Scaffidi, one of the accused, was deliberately shot as he stood behind the bars of the city prison by Tom Duffy, a newspaper distributer, and devoted admirer of the murdered Hennessy. The Mayor has appointed a committee of fifty to aid the police in ferreting out the crime and extirpating the Mafia.

Crimes of the sort have been of frequent occurrence for years past in the Italian quarter of New Orleans, but for the most part they seem to have attracted little attention, and to have been regarded as the inevitable accompaniment of an uneducated "dago" population. Last spring, however, an attempt at wholesale slaughter of one gang of Italians by another firmly fixed public attention upon the lawless and desperate element existing in the Italian colony. Rival gangs of stevedores had long contended for the exclusive privilege of unloading vessels at the fruit wharves. These gangs were known respectively as the Provanzanos and the Matrangas, designations taken from the names of rival bosses. Finally the Matrangas succeeded in obtaining a monopoly of the work at the wharves, and then came the crime that first woke New Orleans to the desperate character of the Italian criminal class, and eventually brought about the assassination of Chief Superintendent Hennessy. One night last May as a wagon load of the Matranga faction were driven through the suburbs in an open vehicle, they were ambushed by assassins, who killed or wounded several of their number. The bold and wholesale nature of the crime created intense excitement, and the police, recalling the long rivalry of the two factions, were not slow in pouncing upon the Provanzanos. The trial that followed was marked with unblushing perjury, and so little did the court trust the testimony of the Matrangas that when at length several of the accused were convicted a new trial was granted. It was the approach of this second trial that is supposed, according to the received theory, to have brought about the murder of Hennessy.

The Chief Superintendent of Police had been in the department since boyhood, and his father before him was an efficient member of the force. The younger Hennessy, who was less than thirty-three years of age at his death, had made a special study of the Sicilian criminal class, and had been instrumental in bringing several of its members to justice, notably Esposito, the escaped brigand chief, whom Hennessy caught and secretly placed on board an outgoing vessel bound for New York, while a mob of the bandit's friends waited ashore to release him from the grip of the law. Hennessy was believed to have obtained extremely damaging evidence concerning perjury at the trial of the Provanzanos, and as he was probably the only available witness upon this point, those who charge the Matrangas with his assassination assume that he was taken off in order that his evidence at the coming second trial might not clear the accused. The Provanzanos now in jail awaiting trial are loud in their accusations against the Matrangas, and equally earnest in their protestations that they themselves are untainted by any connection with the Mafia, while their rivals are the head and front of the murderous associations. The Provanzanos pretend to name the meeting-places of the Mafia, and to have damaging knowledge of its *personnel* and its internal secrets.

At one time or another since the murder of Hennessy forty or fifty Italians have been under arrest on charge of complicity in the crime. Many have since been set free. Some of those arrested, though outwardly to all appearance members of the poorest class, were found to have upon their persons large sums of money, in several instances the bills being of high denominations. This is said to be a mark of the Mafia's hand, for the organization is believed to work its revenges through hired assassins of the poorest and most ignorant type, chosen from among newly arrived Sicilians. The strongest suspicion rests upon John Matranga, Antonio Scaffidi, Antonio Bagnetto, Pietro Mastero, Bastiano Incardona, Loreto Locoreti, Luigi Farmeno, Pietro Mortalle, and Salvadore Sunzeri, charged as principals, and Charles Patorno, Charles Matranga, Joseph Macheca, James Caruso, Rocco Geracci, Frank Romero, and John Caruso, accused as accessories to the crime. The assassins were concealed in or near Mastero's house, a small frame structure near Hennessy's dwelling. Macheca paid in advance for the rent of the building. He and the Matrangas are men of means and influence in the Sicilian colony. Macheca and the Matrangas, however, have an alibi so far as the actual deed is concerned, for it is known that at the moment of the crime, and perhaps for some hours before, they were at supper in a restaurant some distance from the scene of the murder. Four hours after the murder Macheca was seen in a remote suburb consulting with several Italians. A. J. Peeler, who saw the shooting from a window of his own home, has identified Scaffidi, Bagnetto, and Incardona as the men he saw firing upon Hennessy from the street in front of Mastero's house. But the night was dark, and it may be difficult to establish this identification at a trial in court. Mr. Peeler also identifies one Natoli as a man whom he saw with a gun several blocks from the scene of the murder. A police officer also identifies Natoli as a man whom he saw that night armed with such a weapon as those used by the assassins. This man is probably identical with the man Mortalle, held on suspicion of complicity in the crime. All these men, however, profess to have unassailable alibis.

Since the nature of Mr. Peeler's knowledge has come out he has applied for police protection, as he has received several threatening communications. Mayor Shakespeare announces that the assassins predict that he will be the next victim.

No one seems to have the slightest doubt that the crime is the work of Italians, whether they be members of the Mafia and of the Matrangas, or mere tools hired to do the deed. The weapons used were those common among the Sicilians of New Orleans—muskets with the barrels shortened. One such weapon was picked up near the scene of the murder, where it had dropped from the hand of the assassin as he rose from a fall in his precipitate flight. A police officer who met three or four Italians five minutes after the murder, and asked them the cause of the reports, noted that one of them seemed to be concealing a short gun under his coat. He did not stop the men, and after he had passed they broke into a run, and were soon lost in the darkness. The guns used by the murderers were heavily charged with bullets large and small. Hennessy had more than a dozen wounds, and walls near by were peppered with slugs from the fusillade. It is believed that a scalp-wound borne by Mastero was received from a bullet fired by Hennessy in his effort to defend himself. Mastero says he received the wound in falling from a cart.

Hennessy is not known to have had private enemies that would have been likely to slay him, and his words to the effect that the Italians had "done" him indicate that he felt reasonably sure as to who were his assassins. For a long time he had been expecting something of the sort, and had always been accompanied on his way home at night by a brother officer. On the night of the murder Hennessy parted with his escort only a few blocks from the spot where the assassins lay in ambush. For several weeks before the murder various Italians, some of whom have been identified among those under arrest, were seen frequently about Mastero's house. Mastero himself was just such a tool as the Mafia is supposed to be fond of employing. He is a newly arrived Sicilian, extremely poor and densely ignorant. The crime was the work of men well acquainted with Hennessy's habits, and the chief was not only a familiar figure in the Italian quarter, but known to the Italians as an expert upon the crimes and criminals of the colony. Scaffidi, when professing to be in fear of death from the wound inflicted by Duffy, begged for a priest, earnestly protested his innocence, and affirmed his belief that the Matrangas had perpetrated or procured the murder. It does not appear that he mentioned the Mafia. This testimony is somewhat damaged, however, by the fact that Scaffidi's wound proved much less serious than it was at first supposed to be.

Strong appeals have been made to the more reputable Italians of New Orleans in ferreting out this crime and in extirpating the Mafia. Both these things the Italian consul and several prosperous Italian residents express a desire to do. But they, and the Italian press as well, protest because of indiscriminate accusations against the whole Italian colony. It is reported that the Italian consul at New Orleans has taken steps to bring to the attention of our State Department the threatening attitude of Americans and others toward the Italian residents of New Orleans. The Italian colony there is variously estimated to number from 15,000 to 25,000. It increases at the rate of about 3000 per annum. At the height of the excitement following the recent murder there was an effort to prevent the landing of 700 newly arrived Italian immigrants. Many, perhaps most, of the colony are Sicilians. The colony is considerably older than those of most American cities, and the Italians seem to have persistently held by the traditions of the father-land.

When all is said and done, but for the well-established fact of the Mafia's existence in Sicily, one might easily believe that the society is a myth so far as New Orleans is concerned, and that the crimes of the Italian quarter are only such as are proper to an ignorant and vicious people, long accustomed to traditions of revenge and feud; for little or nothing has been published to show that any one has specific information as to the workings of the society.

According to one possessed of authority on the New Orleans Mafia, the crimes of the order are decided upon by a council of three, which meets in great secrecy and never twice in the same place. The victims of Italian assassins have numbered probably several score within the past thirty years, yet of these only four were of any other nationality. The attempt of Italian assassins upon the life of Nobert Trepagnier, clerk of the criminal court in 1860, was avenged by a mob that slew between twenty and twenty-five members of the Sicilian colony. This has served to confine the work of the assassins to persons of their own nationality. The appeal of the Matrangas to the courts marks a new era in the history of Sicilian crime in New Orleans. One curious conformation to American customs is noted in the transplanted Mafia, namely, the substitution of the musket for the stiletto as the favorite weapon of murderous attack.

Persons in New Orleans who profess to have a shady knowledge of the Mafia affirm that it exists in Chicago and in New York. Crimes of the sort that characterize the Mafia are, however, rare among the Italians of this city, and Inspector Byrnes ridicules the idea that there is any danger from the workings of the society in New York. The murder of Antonio Flacomio in this city several years ago was conjectured to be the work of the Mafia, and the murderer was never apprehended. Inspector Byrnes is said to have discovered traces of the Mafia here in the course of investigating this crime. The Inspector affirms that the not infrequent stabbing affrays among resident Italians are not prompted by the Mafia.

THE MANHATTAN ATHLETIC CLUB.

When its new building at Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street is completed, which will be about December 1st, the Manhattan Athletic Club will probably have one of the best-appointed houses of its kind in America, if not in the world. The lot upon which it is built has a frontage of 125 feet 10 inches on Madison Avenue; is 115 feet deep on Forty-fifth Street, and 125 feet deep on the southerly side. The general character of the building, which is six stories high, with a roof garden, covered by a high-peaked roof of tiling, and absolutely fire-proof, is of the Renaissance period, with a trace of Gothic architecture.

The entire basement is given over to bath-rooms, bowling-alleys, and accessories. The feature of the bath-rooms is the immense swimming bath, which runs parallel with Madison Avenue, and is 100 feet long by 21 feet wide. It is nearly 8 feet in depth, and is built of glazed tiles, the curb being of marble, surmounted by a brass railing. Adjoining it are numbers of dressing-rooms, and on the southerly side, extending back to the rear of the lot, are the Turkish and Russian baths. This part of the building is separated from the rest by brick walls, and every foot is covered with glazed brick, the ceilings being of metal. Underneath the side walk is a rifle range 125 feet long. On the Forty-fifth Street side of the building is a café and a lounging-place for bowlers, with ladies' parlor and seats for spectators to watch the games which are going on in the eight regulation size bowling-alleys.

There are two entrances to the main floor of the building, one on each end of the Madison Avenue front. Entering the building from the door nearest Forty-fifth Street, on the left of the vestibule, is the reception-room. Adjoining it are the offices and the elevator, while beyond the elevator are the main stairs of stone and iron, and extending to the roof of the house. The parlor is on the right of the entrance, between it and the southerly doorway. This parlor is 62 feet long and 38 feet wide, with five great windows looking out on Madison Avenue. The main hall of the building is in the centre, extending along and parallel with the Madison Avenue front. Large arches formed of carved wood-work connect it with the parlor on one side and the billiard-room on the other, and at the base of each arch is a pedestal, upon which wooden figures are placed, representing a sprinter in the act of starting, a hammer-thrower, a shot-putter, and a fencer; their pose is excellent. The billiard-room, which is in the rear, contains twelve tables, and adjoining it, on the Forty-fifth Street side, is the café.

On the extreme south of the building the other entrance may be shut off entirely from the first floor, and used for an entrance to the concert-hall, which is on the second floor. This hall is 107 feet 6 inches long and 62 feet wide, containing a stage 28 feet 10 inches by 24 feet, with dressing-rooms and proscenium boxes on either side, and on the Madison Avenue front a balcony may be reached from the hall. On the south of the concert-hall there are parlors and retiring-rooms, and the corner over the entrance is devoted to a ladies' parlor. Ascending the main stairs on the Forty-fifth Street side, the reading-rooms on the Madison Avenue corner, the writing-room adjoining, the Governor's Room, and the card-room on the easterly end of the building are reached. The music-hall is separated entirely from this part of the club by two large folding doors, which may be thrown open when the hall is used by the club. The ceiling is 25 feet high, but the rooms on each side of the hall are only 12½ feet high, which makes an intermediate floor extending all around the building, and containing eighteen large sleeping-rooms, as well as smoking-rooms and dressing-rooms.

The gymnasium is upon the third floor, and is 109 feet long by 97 feet 4 inches wide, lighted by large windows on three sides. The remainder of the floor is taken up by a boxing-room, toilet-rooms, lounging-rooms, lockers, dressing-rooms, and needle baths. A short staircase leads from the floor to a running track above, which is 10 feet wide and 14 laps to the mile. It is 12½ feet above the floor of the gymnasium, and 10 feet below the ceiling. On the south of the track, and over the boxing-room, is a fencing-room, besides the lounging-rooms and large number of lockers. A skylight 40 by 50 feet furnishes light for the gymnasium and the rooms adjoining it, and its height is such that the climbing ropes and upright ladders can reach a point 41 feet from the floor.

On the next floor are the dining-hall and private dining-rooms, the house-keeper's apartments, servants' sleeping apartments, and all the necessities for a well-appointed kitchen. The main dining-hall extends across the Madison Avenue front, and is 63 feet long and 31 feet deep. At each end are private dining-rooms, so arranged that they can be used separately, or be thrown open to become part of the main hall. Continuing up the main staircase from this floor, an enclosed room leads to the roof garden on the south side, in the rear of which is a pantry containing a dumb-waiter running through the kitchen to the bar-room on the first floor, from which refreshments can be served. Across the whole Madison Avenue front, and extending to the centre of the building on the southerly side, the roof will be in use nearly all of the year—as a roof garden in summer and a skating rink in winter. Just as soon as the weather is cold enough, about five inches of water will be let in on the roof, and from its exposed position it is expected that it will freeze quickly, and many merry parties will doubtless use it during the colder nights of the coming winter.

The building does not take up the entire lot, for on the easterly end there is an alley 10 feet wide underneath, which is a bicycle room with a capacity for 150 wheels. At the end of the alley on the south side are the freight elevator and the servants' staircase, which extend to the top of the building, with openings on each floor.

The club's new home is built from designs by P. J. Lauritzen, and the building committee consists of William J. Swan, chairman; George W. Carr, Walton Storm, and Warren Sage, and the president of the club is George W. Carr. Its present membership is 1800, and many applicants are upon the list. Its attention will next be directed to the Berrian Island in Long Island Sound, where it expects to have the best athletic club grounds in the world.

CHARLES P. SAWYER.

AROUND THE CAPITOL.

No one questions the beauty of the Capitol at Washington. It may be impossible to classify it under any school of architecture. Artistic analysts may point out almost innumerable defects. You may discourse over the indisputable fact that the central, the original, and still the main building is constructed of sandstone, and is occasionally painted, in order to preserve its distant resemblance to marble; Mr. Edmunds may liken the dome to a candle-snuffer; the new marble terraces may send a shiver of incongruousness down the spine of the æsthetic—those shining terraces that take the place of their grassy predecessors, down which the negro children rolled their Easter-eggs, and which Mr. Roscoe Conkling likened to railroad embankments; it may be apparent that there is a decided lack of harmony between the white paint of the central portico and the yellowed marble of the newer wings—but notwithstanding all the defects that can be pointed out by a lover of detail, the Capitol remains, and will remain forever, a noble and a beautiful pile of masonry.

As the stranger enters Washington by either railroad that is permitted to intrude into its uncommercial solitudes, the Capitol is the first great object that he sees. He beholds the north or the south wing and the back or west side. No one sees the hidden front from a car window. No one sees that front unless he is a dweller in an out-of-the-way part of the town, or unless he goes deliberately to see it. The Capitol was built to face the wrong way. It stands high on a hill that has taken the name of Capitol Hill. Its attractions were placed on that side—on the east—and there the great Florentine bronze doors were hung, and there is the great plaza of asphalt, where carriages may wait for those who have business, or for those who are seeking pleasure or instruction in the halls of legislation.

The city, however, persisted in growing the other way. Business sought Pennsylvania Avenue because fashion sought the White House at the other end of the avenue. The consequence is that the back of the Capitol has always been its front—a fact which is now being recognized by the construction of the marble terraces and their esplanade, from which Mr. Smedley gives us a view westward to the Washington Monument.

It is a long trip to the Capitol from any one of the important hotels, which follow the dictates of fashion, and cluster around the White House and the Departments over which the leading cabinet officers preside. Nevertheless it is the first pilgrimage that is made by every visitor to Washington, the curiosities of the Smithsonian, the mysteries of the Treasury, and the grandeur of the White House being postponed to a more convenient season.

When one stands on the esplanade, and looks off toward the Potomac—the point of view which Mr. Smedley has chosen—one has a rare vision of delights. The city stretches out to the shores of the river. Pennsylvania Avenue and Maryland Avenue, broad and well defined, are the only streets that are distinct. For the rest, there is a mass of roofs and tree-tops, the forest-like park surrounding the Smithsonian Institute, the stretch of new-made land at the water's edge, the tall Washington Monument, the broad expanse of the Eastern Branch, the winding silver thread of the Potomac, the gentle tree-clad hills of Virginia, and the columns of the Lee mansion at Arlington. Better still than the view from the esplanade is that from the balcony in front of the Congressional Library. In all the land there is no lovelier city than Washington, and there is no better spot for a comprehensive view of it.

Behind the line of coachmen is one of the most charming of little parks, and in it a most perfect beech-tree which Charles Sumner saved from the woodman's axe. Beyond the park, the big ugly, but commodious new Library Building is in process of construction. In the plaza is Hodon's naked statue of Washington pointing to the Patent Office, and asking for his clothes, as one clever writer described it. He first saw it on one of those winter days when the sky is filled with what New-Englanders call a "sugar snow." On the top of the stairway is a figure of Columbus holding aloft a globe, and another ribald person has said that George Washington, the venerated father of his country, is holding up his hand to catch the ball about to be tossed to him by the equally respected and venerated discoverer of America.

It is a curious and interesting fact, and one that perhaps bears out and sustains the art of the group of architects who at various times designed and constructed the Capitol, that notwithstanding the strenuous efforts to make the back of the building look like the front, it insists upon looking like the back; and the front is so decidedly the front in appearance that its deserted stairways are almost uncanny, while the crowd that makes its way into the other end seems to be prone to back ways and, by consequence, to subterfuges. There is only one way, evidently, to remedy that kind of a defect either in house or in Capitol, and that is by pulling down the front steps.

When one takes leave of the Capitol and its interesting contents, including the Legislators and the Justices of the Supreme Court, it is easier to go down the long flights of steps from the western side than it would be to climb them. Having reached the bottom, and admired Story's statue of Chief Justice Marshall, it is best not to go directly down toward Pennsylvania Avenue; for, in the first place, such a course would result in an encounter with a very hideous statue of Peace; and, in the second place, one would thereby escape the Scandinavian figures about the base of the Garfield statue and the horticultural gardens.

One who knows the intimate ways of Washington may walk very nearly from the Capitol to the Treasury building, through these gardens and their green-houses, and through the charming grounds about the Smithsonian Institute building. It is a pity that these beautiful places should be out of the way. Most of the people who visit them are strangers and sight-seers. The grounds do not lie in the path of those who live in the city, except of a few who dwell in the poorest part. The horticultural gardens are new, but they will be very attractive, and the green-houses not only abound in the customary riches of such places, but in the strange products of the tropics, in endless varieties of the fern and palm families, and in richly colored orchids. The gardens are bounded on one side by Pennsylvania Avenue, in its most indefinite and disagreeable aspect, and on the other by small houses, many of them the whitewashed huts of negroes.

Beyond the gardens, across an objectionable, cinder-strewn railroad track, are the Smithsonian grounds, rich in trees which attain a most luxurious growth in Washington. There would be no pleasanter spot than this for a refreshing hour of idleness if it were in a different locality. Its relative position, however, is due to the unwillingness of Washington to grow in the way pointed out by its projectors. One side of the Smithsonian grounds is flanked by the rears of the wholesale stores on the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue, while, on the other side, are the same kind of neighbors that are to be found south of the horticultural gardens.

The reservation goes on after one crosses a wide and tree-shaded street. These are the agricultural grounds. One cannot go to them from the northwestern part of the city without a long walk or ride, the end of which is through an unpleasant part of the town. Consequently the people who dwell in Washington rarely enjoy these shady walks. Strangers, intent upon seeing all that there is in Washington, wander over their paths, and new-made married couples sit on the benches under the trees, over whose tops the great white dome of the Capitol looks benignly down.

PICTURES FROM THE GERMAN MANŒUVRES.

ONCE a year, after the fields have been freed from their crops, the troops of the father-land march out for a series of campaigns, which, in everything but the use of ball-cartridges, simulates real war. They march long distances, camp out at night, protect themselves from surprise on the route and in bivouac by practising outpost duty, learn to throw up breastworks rapidly, gather much experience that is valuable in the field, and, in short, learn all that is possible without engaging in actual war. This year the most interesting of the manœuvres was on the Danish border, where, for the first time in Europe, an army corps of about 30,000 men co-operated with a fleet of iron-clads and torpedo-boats in order to see how far they might succeed in effecting a landing in the face of an enemy ready to receive them. The problem would have perhaps greater significance for us did we anticipate an attempt on the part of some foreign power to land a force on the shores of Peconic Bay, march to Brooklyn, and from there shell New York. The shores of the eastern end of Long Island bear so striking a resemblance to those surrounding the inlets of the Baltic, where these German operations took place, that an American cannot fail to be struck by the similarity, and consequently impressed by the value of this object-lesson as carrying a warning to our shores that the duty of placing our coasts in a state of defence should not be left until war has been declared.

In sketch No. 1, on page 868, is represented a section of a long line of men watching the men-of-war in the offing, who have just lowered their boats, and are seeking to land 3000 men—blue-jackets, marines, and riflemen. These are towed in long lines until close to shore, when the steam pinnaces cast off their lines, the oars are bent for the last few strokes, the beach is touched, and the men, springing into the water up to their waists, clamber ashore, and form in skirmish line under the bluff, awaiting the order to storm the heights here depicted. Meanwhile the artillery from behind our infantry is keeping up a constant fire upon the landing party, which, we may assume, is doing it some damage, and the ships are returning it with all the guns at their disposal.

When this success has been achieved, a halt is called in order to give the umpires a chance to estimate the probable losses on both sides, assuming that this had been done in actual conflict, and this breathing spell is diligently utilized by the invaders in studying their maps, and planning the direction of their next attack. The United States naval attaché who was invited by the German Emperor to be his guest during these days, Captain Ward, a gallant officer who has seen service in nearly every country, could not contain his admiration for the excellent work done by the German navy on this occasion; and it is not too much to say that it could not have been better done even in the English navy.

Count Moltke, now ninety years old, was present at these manœuvres, although not strong enough to mount on horseback. The German Emperor had him as a particular guest on board the yacht *Hohenzollern*, and treated the venerable strategist with a devotion most touching to see, waiting upon him with the greatest zeal, and watching over his comfort with filial care. The two often drove together in a comfortable basket wagon, in the manner depicted in our front page picture. The Emperor has no taste for luxury in any form, in fact makes less display in driving about town than many a prosperous New-Yorker. He takes no thought for his own person, and while recognizing the fact that no conspicuous ruler is free from the aim of a crank, holds that life is too short to be constantly worrying on that account.

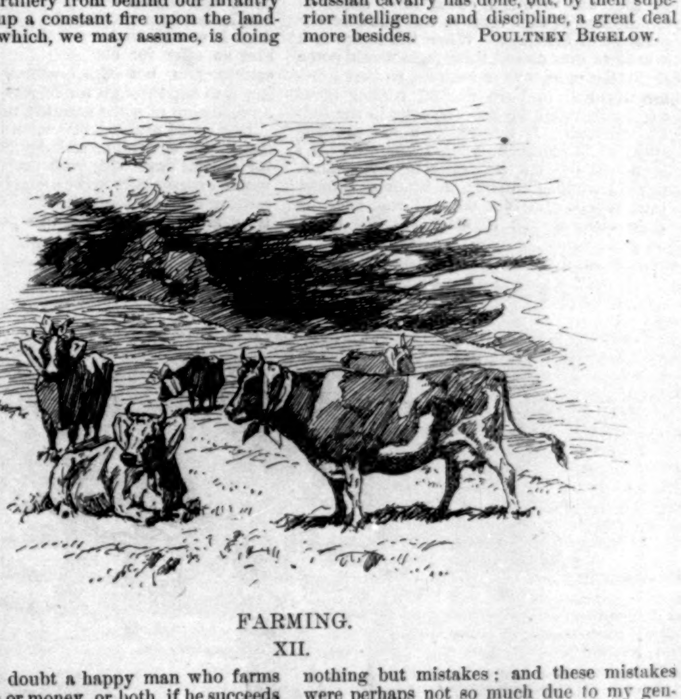
An Austrian fleet attended these manœuvres, in order to show that country's good-will toward her ally—as much as to say, "If Russia tries to make a descent on the German coast, we will stand by you." William II. is a keen sailor, and understands the management of a naval squadron as well as a cavalry one. The long sea trips he takes each summer are for the purpose of practising him in seamanship quite as much as for the sake of rest from official work.

Sketch No. 2 shows him on the bridge, his hand resting on the rail, while putting his blue-jackets through their practice in running aloft to furl or make sail.

Sketch No. 3 represents him in cuirassier uniform, discussing with his chief of staff, Count Waldersee, who wears the Uhlan helmet, the expediency of bringing up a few more batteries of artillery, and shelling the enemy still further before attempting an onward movement of the infantry. The third officer of the group, with the white sword sash, is the commander of the army corps. To the left of this picture is the imperial standard, which moves with the Emperor, in order that his presence may be known at a distance. When on horseback it follows behind him in the hands of one of the body-guard.

Sketch No. 4 illustrates the general use of the lance in the German cavalry, not simply that the first line is so armed, but every man. Many think that the next war will be in Russia, and consequently much importance is attached to making German troops fit to meet Cossacks on their own ground. The effect of a long line of cavalry attacking with couched lances is very imposing, and gives one a sense of power that is very desirable. The feeling of being pursued by a lancer seems to inspire more discomfort than any other sensation. The Russians have acted upon this assumption, and have succeeded to a reasonable extent. It remains to be seen whether Germans may not do all that the Russian cavalry has done, but, by their superior intelligence and discipline, a great deal more besides.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

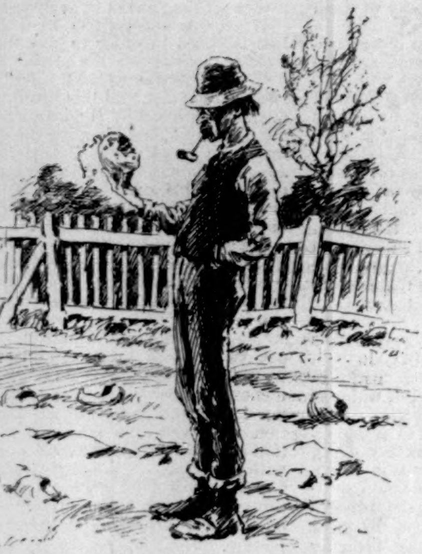


FARMING.

XII.

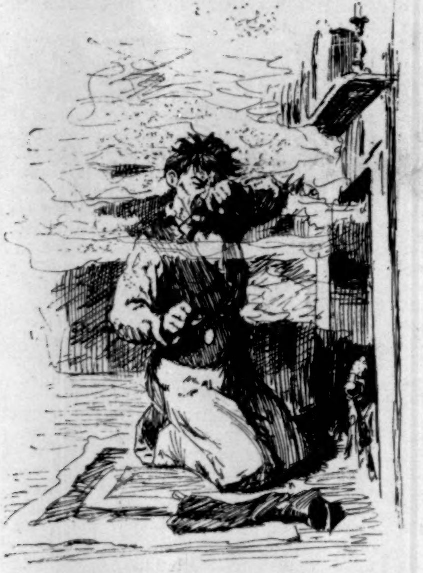
HE is no doubt a happy man who farms for fun or money, or both, if he succeeds in realizing either. It is not recorded that Jacob was passionately fond of tilling the earth, but the manner in which he adhered to this branch of usefulness was extremely complimentary to the daughter of Laban, to say the least. I had made nothing so far—nothing but mistakes; and these mistakes were perhaps not so much due to my general ignorance as to the original devices I resorted to or contemplated.

Having heard that thunder will turn milk sour, I was really at a loss to know whether it turned it sour in the dairy pans or in the cow, and I hunted through all my books of

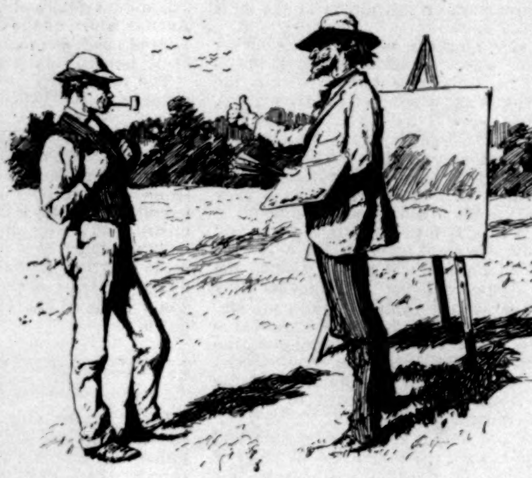


reference to ascertain the truth, for I was afraid to go boldly forth and ask the question, lest I become the object of well-merited laughter and ridicule. It struck me that if the milk were soured by being exposed to thunder, the best thing to do would be to have it hermetically sealed as soon as given. If, on the other hand, it was soured while yet within the beeve, my idea was to supply the place, if possible, with deaf cows, that would not, of course, be affected by the thunder, even if it should thunder from one end of the week to the other.

Most of the things that I hoped to raise were devoured by as fine a variety of insects as could be found anywhere. If the mosquitoes had only taken as kindly to the squashes as they did to me, I could have accepted the failure of that crop in the guise of the gentlest of blessings. When the doors and windows were closed, these pests would come down the chimneys in swarms, so that I frequently had to burn cast-off rubber boots and feathers on the hearths, even in the hottest weather. It was really a sad predicament to be placed in when I knew that if I stretched out on the porch in my steamer chair I would be driven in by these numerous insects, and that when I was once in, it would only be to meet another reception that would send me out again.



Therefore I only allowed the mosquitoes to bother me, because I couldn't help it. The other insects I left gloriously alone. Other farmers climbed into their fruit trees, and lubricated the branches with all sorts of washes. But I thought it would be better to leave the orchards in the hands of the ever-fair Pomona, and let her see that the apples were properly cut and dried for winter use. I at one time thought of making cider with the picturesque Dutch windmill, but this I abandoned when, upon examining the windmill, I ascertained the extremely stubborn fact that it was a windmill that could only be used successfully in an æsthetic landscape-painting.



One day I discovered an artist painting it. I secretly wished that he might realize something handsome out of it, that I might know that it had not been erected in vain. He was a very voluble sort of man, and praised Dove's Nest at great length, going into raptures over the beauty of the contour of this thing and the atmospheric perspective of another. He had never seen such beautiful harmonies and contrasts before, and said that if I would allow him to paint the place, he would call it "The Old Homestead," and sell it in the next Academy for five thousand dollars. I gave him the permission so eloquently and fervently desired, hoping that the farm might be productive of something substantial to some one, and left him all alone in his glory.

I had an idea that his object in going into such a frenzied delight, such an ecstatic rhapsody over Dove's Nest, was to impress me in such a way that I would make him an offer for his canvas, and not allow it to slip through my fingers, and become a possession of some haughty millionaire.

But I said nothing that would lead him to fancy my suspicion, and he painted away for several days with great enthusiasm. He would occasionally make a suggestion, such as putting a grand fountain of goldfishes on the front lawn, and working in a plateau behind the house, from which a picturesque cascade could flash and roar at the point covered by the westerly roof of the barn. I told him I thought these things might add zest and interest to the picture, and he put them all in, and asked me if I would like the cascade to consist of green water, or if I would prefer it a sparkling snowy foam.

I told him to rely on his own judgment, that I was little acquainted with the artistic qualities or principles of cascades. And then I left him to finish it as best suited his artistic pleasure.

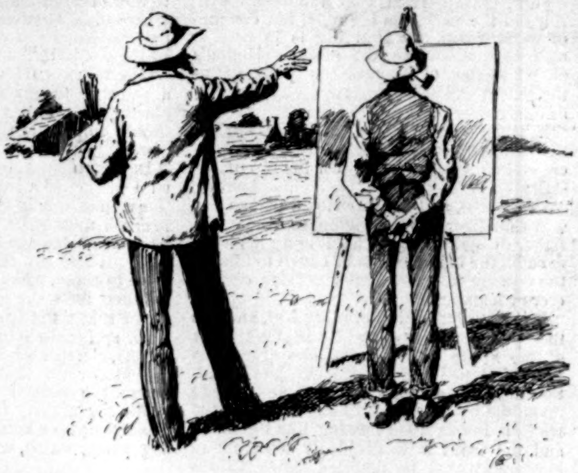
I could see in him the man who paints spotted cattle with a stencil for each color, on the principle of printing oil-cloth, and I felt it a sentimental duty to avoid him, lest I be contaminated and lost.

"Let him paint my orchard, with the apples on the trees," I said to Phillada, "if he wishes to, and then he will paint something that will be at once a landscape and a still-life."

"But he has gone," replied Phillada.

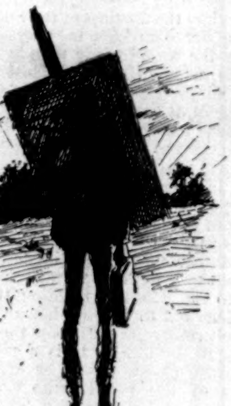
"When did he go?" I asked.

"This morning," she replied, with a pleasant laugh. "You know, he asked me if I didn't think the owner of the place would like to buy the picture."



"Ah, he did, did he? And what did you say?"

"I told him that the owner of the place was out in the wild, untamed West fighting windmills on commission, like Don Quixote, and that we expected to return to our home in the city shortly. He seemed to have a pressing engagement elsewhere just then, when he fled from my presence with the graceful alacrity of the antelope."



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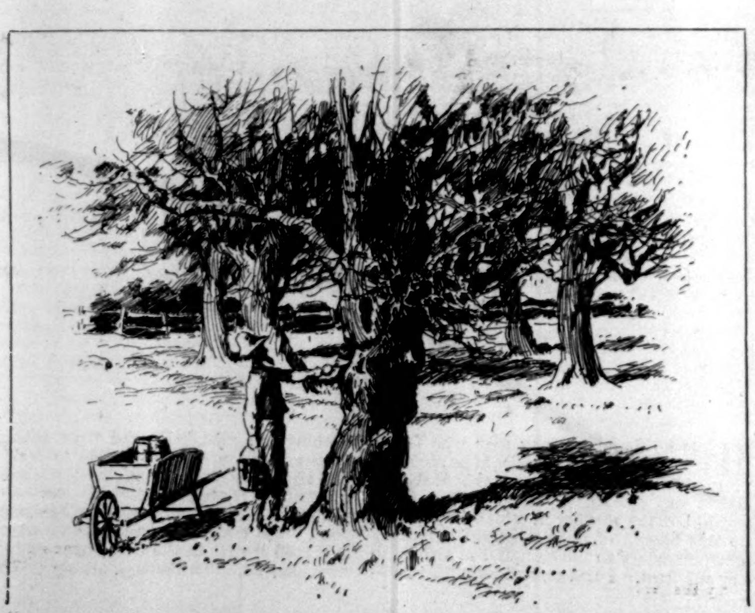

THE WAY MADE CLEAR.

One of the most serious obstacles to success in the way of man is planted right in the middle of the road to health. How to restore and to maintain a regular habit of body and digestion is too often a source of needless and, unhappily, of vain inquiry. It is not necessary to inveigh against drastic purgatives. They who have used them continuously know the consequence. A remedy which unites the action of a regulating medicine for the bowels witn that of a tonic both for those organs, the liver, and the stomach, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, sanctioned by the best medical authority, and receiving daily the endorsement of our fellow-countrymen. With this effectual, though gentle, laxative at hand, it is possible to defy those changes of temperature productive of constipation, as well as constitutional attacks of billiousness, which beset even people naturally healthy. Malaria, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and kidney troubles are remedied and prevented by the Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

PECULIAR INFATUATION.

Do men ever fall in love with each other?

Women do. Not long ago a young woman in New Jersey was married to a youthful laborer on her father's farm. Some time afterward it was discovered that the husband was a female; the young wife refused, however, though earnestly entreated by her friends, to give up her chosen consort. The strangest part of the discovery was the fact that the bride knew her husband was a woman before she was led to the altar.

If men do not exhibit this strange infatuation for one of their own sex, they at least oftentimes give evidence of the fact that they love one another. There are many instances on record where one man has given his life for another. There are many more instances where men have given life to another.

It is a proud possession—the knowledge that one has saved a precious human life. Meriden, Conn., is the home of such a happy man. John H. Preston, of that city, July 11th, 1890, writes: "Five years ago I was taken very sick. I had several of the best doctors, and one and all called it a complication of diseases. I was sick four years, taking prescriptions prescribed by these same doctors, and I truthfully state I never expected to get any better. At this time I commenced to have the most terrible pains in my back. One day an old friend of mine, Mr. R. T. Cook, of the firm of Curtis & Cook, advised me to try Warner's Safe Cure, as he had been troubled the same way and it had effected a cure for him. I bought six bottles, took the medicine as directed, and am to-day a well man. I am sure no one ever had a worse case of kidney and liver trouble than I had. Before this I was always against proprietary medicines, but not now—oh, no!"

Friendship expresses itself in very peculiar ways sometimes; but the true friend is the friend in need.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

TO BE HAPPY PLAY HALMA.
Halma, the popular game, is for sale everywhere, or will be sent free to any address on receipt of one dollar. E. I. Horsman, 80 and 82 William Street, New York. —[*Adv.*]

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I will mail free on application my treatise on Catarrh and Throat Diseases. Dr. Burnham, Buffalo, N.Y.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters make health, and health makes bright, rosy cheeks and happiness.—[*Adv.*]

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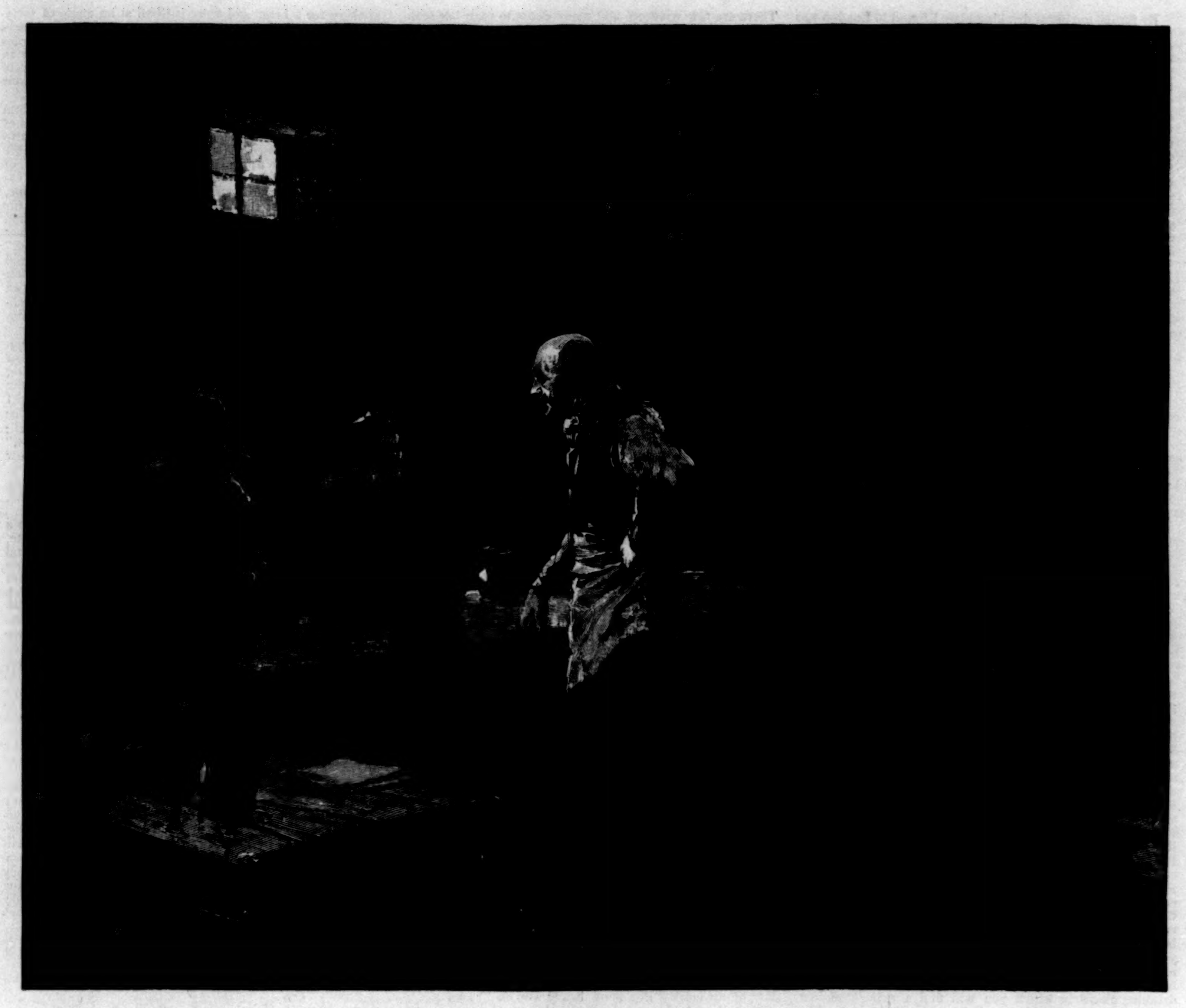


THIEVES' ROOM IN THE "OLD BLACK JACK."

EATING AND DRINKING IN LONDON.

BY JULIAN RALPH.—ILLUSTRATED BY BERT WILDER.

IT sounds extraordinarily like an Irish bull to say so, but one of the most astonishing experiences of a trip abroad comes when you return home again. Then it is that one friend after another, without prearrangement and in different parts of our country, takes your hand, and after talking awhile remarks: "Well, they don't seem to have spoiled you over there. I see you talk and act the same as you used to do." Or they say: "Well, you were glad to get back home again, were you not? You find this is God's country, after all, I hope."

Fifty men and women have uttered those sentiments in their different ways since the good Guion ship I came back upon deposited me in New York. What they expect a traveller to look or talk or act like after such a journey I very much wonder. What queer conspiracy or influence they think there is abroad to make a man forswear his native land is a matter for speculation. Perhaps it hurts our native pride to find so many Americans pleased with some features of other countries than their own. What a blessed thing it would be if we could only have our national pride wounded sufficiently for us to set about producing some of those conditions that make the European capitals especially attractive—their splendid streets, their public cleanliness, their mastery over their railroads, their civil and obliging police! If I thought hurting our pride would result in that, I would like to carve it with the bluntest knives of criticism. The Americans who establish a partial right to support the European nobility through matrimony ought not to stamp the rest of their fellows as tuft-hunters. Such influences and institutions as an intelligent American finds to admire in Europe will send him home a more thoughtful and valuable patriot, that is all. The occasional fool who underrates his own country in England gets small audiences. Everywhere I went the fact of my nationality gave me honor and privilege; from high and low, and all sorts and conditions of men, I heard sufficient praise of my country to satisfy all who feared for the safety of my Americanism.

There were 150,000 Americans in London last summer. To go into any one of three principal hotels was like going into the Fifth Avenue, the Palmer, the Palace, or the Vendome hotels at home. I never saw a better mundane suggestion of the reasonableness of the theory that there will be different heavens and hells hereafter for differing kinds of men than lay in the way our countrymen spent their time abroad. It seemed as though there was only here and there a man or woman who was conscientiously and practically interested in seeing Europe. The others were confining themselves to their life work, their home specialties, to the satisfaction of besetting appetites.

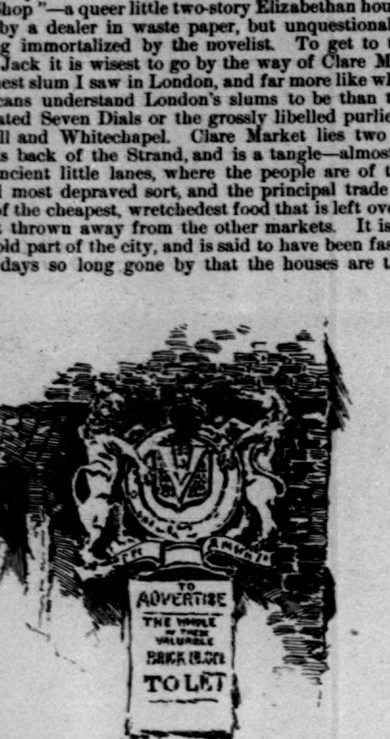
The ultra fashionables, those queer Americans who fancy there is an aristocracy in America (and that they are partly the cause of it), devoted themselves to extending their acquaintance among titled folks. They showed me (and every one) their names in the papers after each triumph: "Mr. Goldenrod and the Hon. Emma Ponsonby; Lord Faddle Hamilton and Mrs. Goldenrod." They were at the dinner to Sir Morell Mackenzie, the reception of the German Emperor, the promenade in Hyde Park every Sunday, and all that sort of thing—always with titled folks. That was what they saw of Europe. The Americans who are fondest of good dining lived only at dinner-time, and tried a new restaurant every night. Those who love the company of theatrical folk were in great force. They did not know the name of a bridge that crosses the Thames, or whether the Horse-Guards was a palace or an open square, but they knew all the managers and actors and actresses and theatrical resorts and clubs. The poor chaps whose lives are one great burning thirst, and who cannot remember when they went to bed with a clear idea of what they were doing, knew all the drinking places, and went their damp rounds until midnight, when the saloons close as tight as drums. These were so strong in numbers that they practically compelled one hotel to keep its smoking-room (euphemistic phrase) open all night. One of these men seemed to me to have come to England to find all the places where lager-beer was sold. He devoted himself to this with grand success, and having found the half-dozen places of that sort which are in London, proceeded to spend his days and nights in them. I met a man over there whom I knew in America as a historical monomaniac. He knows the pedigree of every noted American, the smallest details of every important incident in American history. Now he was in Europe for the first time. He was bent upon pursuing the memory of Joan of Arc from her birth-place to the spot where she died. He had done this to his satisfaction, and in London all he did was to see the Domsday-book.

I suppose it was the same with the ladies. Two young "school-mississes," were sedulously devoting themselves to St. Paul's, the Abbey, the Museum, and the National Gallery, in total ignorance of the existence around them of a city nearly five times as great as Rome was at the height of its power. The other ladies, it seemed to me, were dedicating considerable time to shopping and to having dresses made and fitted on. This is not a prejudiced statement; it is what they told me themselves. One charming young American, who had ordered an extensive assortment of gowns, happened, toward what she thought to be the end of her "trials" (they do call it "trials"), to order a Newmarket at a shop she had not been to for anything else.

"To my complete stultification," she said afterward, "the man fitted me to a T. If it had been in America, I could not have been better fitted. So I wheedled and coaxed, and finally bought him to let me bring all the dresses, sacques, wraps, and cloaks I had had made and fit them all over again, because, really, you know, they all were so perfectly horrid that I positively looked like Richard III.—all humps between the shoulders and baggy in front, and, oh my! too perfectly dreadfully absurd for anything."

Well, then, these being the various ways in which various vacations were spent in England, let us also take up a special study, and let that be eating and drinking.

By far the quaintest drinking-place I found in London was the "Old Black Jack" in Portsmouth Street. It is almost across the way from what is called Charles Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop"—a queer little two-story Elizabethan house, now used by a dealer in waste paper, but unquestionably the building immortalized by the novelist. To get to the Old Black Jack it is wisest to go by the way of Clare Market, the truest slum I saw in London, and far more like what we Americans understand London's slums to be than the now ventilated Seven Dials or the grossly libelled purlieus of Shadwell and Whitechapel. Clare Market lies two or three blocks back of the Strand, and is a tangle—almost a knot—of ancient little lanes, where the people are of the poorest and most depraved sort, and the principal trade is in the sale of the cheapest, wretchedest food that is left over, and all but thrown away from the other markets. It is a very, very old part of the city, and is said to have been fashionable in days so long gone by that the houses are the smallest and the streets the narrowest and crookedest it is possible to imagine. The Clare "Arms" are pointed out, skilfully carved and fastened to a tottering wreck of a house, which hides its shame down an alley that is hard to find. Indeed it is in bad company, for all the houses seem almost too sick and tired to stand without each other's help, and there is a double line of costers' carts reeking with inedible food, and the most woe-begone, draggled men, women, and children are pushing about in crowds, often drunk and scurrilous and quarrelsome. Yet no one who goes presently to London should miss the Clare Market. It is about to follow the sad example of Temple Bar; it is soon to make way for enlightened improvement.



THE CLARE "ARMS."

One of its choky, tipsy little streets leads to Portsmouth Street close to the Old Black Jack, a little, shy fifteenth-century tavern, which was once the head-quarters of the redoubtable Dick Turpin and his gang. And in the tap-room is the tiny thin shoe of his petted horse, Black Bess; and behind the tap-room is the half-hidden den of the thieves of yore. The place is as eminently respectable to-day as it must once have been disreputable. It is frequented by young barristers and medical men. It is one of the few English drinking-places in which you will find a male attendant behind the bar. In this case it is a white-haired, grandfatherly old fellow, with a wonderful double chin and a perfect complexion, like that of a plucked turkey. It is the custom to order a "tuppenny mug of bitter" (which is to say, a mug of ale) sent into the dark den behind. Another old man totters in with the mugs, and turns on the gas. We see a very small room, with four walls, broken only by a door in one and a fireplace in another. The only window is a tiny one close to the ceiling high above our heads, offering no possible advantage to a watchman in the olden time. The two old tables of Turpin's day are yet in place. They are patched together with irregular pieces of mahogany, and almost every inch of each of them is scarred with the names that thieves long dead and gone carved into them. Behind the tables along the walls are benches equally rude. It was a fit lodge-room for those ancient rascals. So long as they talked quietly in there no stupid last-century watchman with a rattle could know of their hiding-place.

While we were there the surroundings brought to mind a story of what once befell Dick Turpin and the father of Sir Morell Mackenzie. As the story goes, and it was told by an intimate friend of the great physician, his father had for a patient an old lady who lived beyond Blackheath Common. She became very ill, and he visited her one night, taking at her hands a guinea for his pains and skill. On his way back to town Dick Turpin rode up, stopped the chaise, and took the guinea. Again, the next night, again the night after, and yet again on the fourth night, Doctor Mackenzie visited the old woman, earned his guinea, and was robbed of it. On the fifth night, when his patient offered the coin, the doctor bade her keep it.

"It is no use for me to take it," said he. "I am robbed of it by Mr. Turpin every time."

With a lighter heart than common, the good doctor rode across the dreaded common on that night. As he expected, he was met by the highwayman.

"I have no guinea this time," said he.

"Why not?"

"I did not take it. I knew I should only have to surrender it to you."

Whereat, as the books of that day might possibly have chronicled the affair, the highwayman was so wrought to anger by this trick put upon him that he roughly seized the doctor, and dragged him from his chaise and kicked him, saying the while:

"Don't you ever leave me out in the cold again—see? Next time you're offered anyt'ing, you take it—understand? What d'ye suppose I'm riding round here o' nights for? Do you t'ink it's for me health—eh? Git a move on you, now, an' never fergit me agin—see?"

In London the drinking-places are mainly on the street corners, and are distinguished principally by great lantern-like lamps of colored glass bearing the name of an ale brewer, in this way, "Warrington's Ales," or, "Allsopp's Entire." The word "entire," commonly seen in this usage, I understand to mean that only the specified brew is sold in that place. There are few windows and many doors to each bar-room, and there is seldom anything displayed in the windows except a panel of wood, or of bevelled mirror glass. You enter, and find that the bar takes up nearly all the interior. It is oval or circular or horseshoe-shaped or crescent-formed. Within its enclosure are the bar-maids and the barrels and bottles. The space outside the bar is cut up by partitions and little closet-like compartments, each one crowded with men and women. The women drink almost as the men do. Nothing in England is so astonishing to an American as to see the women standing at the bars, and drinking in the trains and restaurants and at the railway refreshment-rooms. Possibly I saw three men, perhaps four, to each woman in these drinking saloons during my explorations, but I never failed to see some women in them. There are 7000 taverns and 2000 wine-merchants in London according to a statistical account of the city at my hand. If that is so, London has less dram-shops than New York. I doubt it, for they seemed plentiful enough to convey a home-like impression to a New-Yorker. Indeed, I never saw so much drinking in my life as I did among the people of all classes in London. And that was not my specialty.

The drinking in London is mainly of beer or plain liquor. Scotch whiskey or brandy for the well-to-do, and gin for the poor. But the beer is what we call ale, and is served very warm. One or two places on the Strand keep lager-beer for Americans and Germans, but they vend it at the temperature of soup. Nowhere is ice used as we use it. Unless you asked for it, you would not see as much ice in two years in London as you see in New York in a day. It is a work of supererogation for me to say that the bar-tenders are nearly all women; 999 in 1000 are women. They are supposed to be selected on account of their good looks, and they receive $100 a year, and their board and lodging. The very comeliest and most popular ones are paid $125, and very often it happens that Americans would call some of these queens of the pothouse passably (sometimes really) good-looking. They are all, even to an American judgment, rugged and healthy-looking, with plenty of weight and color. They would seem to us to deserve pity, but their places are in great demand, and are considered very advantageous by the poor. As to their characters, one woman who had been a bar-maid said that it was "a hard life for a good girl, and an easy one for the other sort," while a bar-maid in Birmingham, who seemed a very prude, said "all the rudeness of the men passed by a bar-maid as water passes by a swimming duck"—from which contradictory statements others may gather what they will, but I am led to suspect that bar-maids are like the rest of humanity—good, bad, and indifferent.

A word may be in place here about the English women. They are very little like the better moiety of Americans. They appear to have the most bountiful health, and they certainly do possess the loveliest complexions imaginable. The Indian females of Alaska, who cover their faces with a thick black mixture of soot and grease, in order to preserve their beauty, may have the most perfect complexions, as they boast, but until there is other evidence than their assertion, the palm certainly must go to the English. Even in Whitechapel, or among the peasant or fisher girls, you will see cheeks like the sides of peaches, while among the London beauties the faces are like ivory suffused with the tinge of rose leaves. We bake our faces in overheated houses at least six months in the year, and if we expose them, it is to violent heat or sudden changes. They live at home in such discomfort that the best way to get warm has been for ages to get out of doors and walk. The consequence is that they are born with a fondness for the open air and open-air exercise, and always in a climate moist and productive of the most superb animal and vegetable development. But it seems to me that the finest English women fall far short of our mark. Big, bony, heavy women—too tall and big and heavy—they carry shoulders as disproportionately wide as the sails of a windmill, and then pinch their waists to a degree our women never approached. They lack the graceful, opulent curves of the perfect woman. I never fully realized this until I went to France, where the women are often goddesses. Then I knew that I had not seen in all England a half-dozen such women as abound in America and Paris. It was not until I went to Paris that I realized the fact that English women lack not only rounding outlines, but that they fail of being "stylish," and that they are wanting in gracefulness. As for the English young girl, or "miss," she is next door to a chrysalis, without wit or spirit or originality, individuality, or independence; an appendage to her parent, a dead weight upon whatever company she is led into; a pulseless, milky-eyed, animated identity; she lives, she moves, she has her being—that is all. Nobody can blame an English nobleman for marrying an American girl if he can; of that I am convinced.

I disagree with the common report that all English women are dowdyish, and that no woman over there gets clothes to fit her. To the majority of Americans, who see only the women in the streets, this naturally seems to be the case, though, queerly enough, several Englishmen told me that the majority of the female American tourists they see look like guys. It is evident, then, that much of the basis for this international exchange of criticism must be national prejudice. I found some American support for the English view, however, when I talked upon the subject to a very brilliant and dressy New York girl in the Hotel Victoria one day.

"I should think they might well call many of the American women who are over here 'guys,'" said she. "We would call them so at home. When I see how they look, and hear and observe how they behave, it becomes difficult for me to make my English friends believe what I say about the beauty and style of American women at home. But these women would look just as absurd in any of our cities. They are what I call 'cow-girls.' They've got more money than taste or good-breeding."

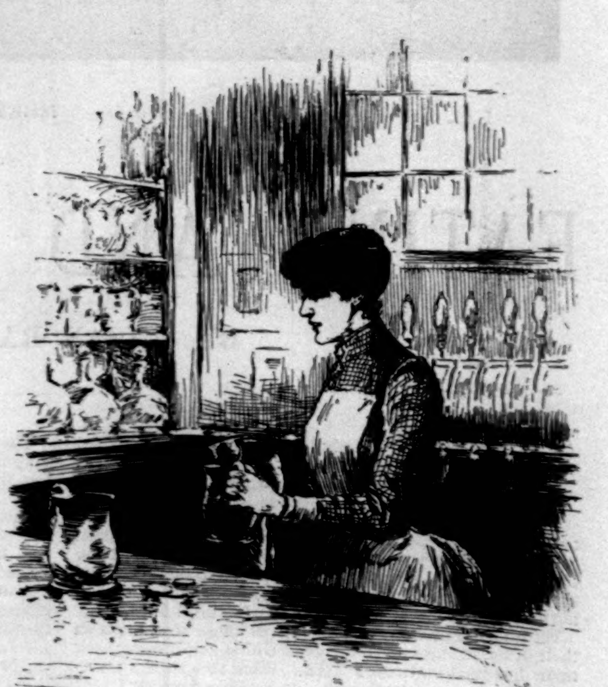
The truth is that many of the rich and aristocratic English women are as well dressed, from a fashionable or artistic point of view, as any women in the world. The sign-boards of their dress-makers and mantau-makers on Regent Street bear some of the same names as the sign-boards on Fifth Avenue. Yet they dress peculiarly. Last summer every fashionable miss wore a straw hat with a ridiculous little apology for a brim, and wore it tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees; and misses and matrons all favored dresses puckered and baggy in front ("fulled," I believe the ladies call it), to hide the absence of Hogarth's line of beauty in that part of their persons, while below, their waists were pinched into a cruel imitation of the letter V, and their shoulders and hips were the equipment of giantesses.

Their rugged health is amazing. To be sure, it seldom rains there as hard as it does here, but I saw a great deal of very damp rain without encountering any that appeared to discommode or disconcert the English women. There are no shelters on the upper decks of their small river boats, or on the roofs of their cars and 'buses, and it is on these exposed places that nearly all of them ride. Rain or shine, they staid out just the same, seven in ten of them with fur capes put on over muslin dresses—the queerest combination imaginable when first it is met with. They wear shoes that the American girls frequently informed me were "horrid." They certainly were large and clumsy and loose as compared with French and American ladies' boots; nevertheless, their American cousins took note that the English women tramped around in the slop and wet in those shoes without rubbers in a manner few American women would dare to imitate.

I am well aware that not every one who has seen the English at home will agree with my comments on the looks of the women. I heard American men in London rhapsodizing about the stately, beautiful creatures to be seen in the lobbies of the great concert halls and at the Café Royal at nights. I went to those places to look on, and there they were again: big-boned, square-built, wooden-figured, heavy, and dull; but in these places often "frescoed up to the highest point," as one other American critic expressed it. I have told how the common ones drink in the bar-rooms alongside the men. At another time I will describe what I saw of the drinking inclinations, capacities, and performances of their richer, more refined sisters.

I hope this will not seem dyspeptic or too severe upon a country where I spent the pleasantest vacation of my life, but I found even less to admire in the eating in England than in the appearance of the women. New York and Paris so easily monopolize gastronomic perfection that a resident of either city is difficult to satisfy, and that must be taken into account, I suppose. But it seems the queerest of contradictions that in a country where formal dinners are the most important and frequent functions—the constant resource of society, trade, diplomacy, and good-fellowship—where eating is glorified in prose and hallowed in poetry, where the art of dining has been ornamented with ceremony to the loftiest degree, that in such a country the concomitants of the table should be a profound disappointment. But it is so. Eating in England is rudimentary. The English eat four times a day, but never dine. When you have had sole and whitebait, mutton, beef, and ham, all cooked in the plainest way, there is nothing left but meat-puddings or sweet puddings, tarts, bad coffee, and worse cigars.

They have restaurants that are palaces of marble in London, and restaurants that are resplendent with mirrors; they dwell with emphasis upon eating in guide-books, advertisements, and street signs; they have the quaintest eating-houses, hallowed by memories of men who have immortalized the dishes they were fondest of, and yet they are more insular in their gastronomy than in anything else. They borrow little from the world at large, and what they borrow they are apt to spoil. Solidity and quantity—and wholesomeness, too, I admit—are the cardinal points of English fare. It's a grand place to satisfy an appetite, and there it stops.



A TYPICAL BAR-MAID.

Yet the grandest dinner I ever attended was in London, in one of the banqueting halls of the Hotel Metropole. Lord Randolph Churchill presided, and behind him stood an enormous, full-bearded, Gambrinus-like man, with a voice like a mastiff, who was the toast-master. To an American's mind there was a great deal of nonsense about it all, but it was highly interesting. All the noblemen and knights who were present sat on either side of the chairman, at a table raised upon a platform and at right angles to the tables of the plain people who had merely made their own fortunes, or written immortal books, or painted great pictures, or discovered new lands, or risked their lives for Great Britain. The noble lords and noble-lords-by-courtesy and the knights had both sides of their table, that is to say, nobody sat in front of them. Beautiful arrangements of shrubbery and flowers screened the doorways, and in one alcove, behind a wall of evergreens, the famous vocalists and musicians who had been employed to entertain us sat awaiting their turns to be called out. I never saw 200 or 250 men look so well as those big Englishmen did in their uniform full dress. The noble lords were neither better nor worse looking than us common folk.

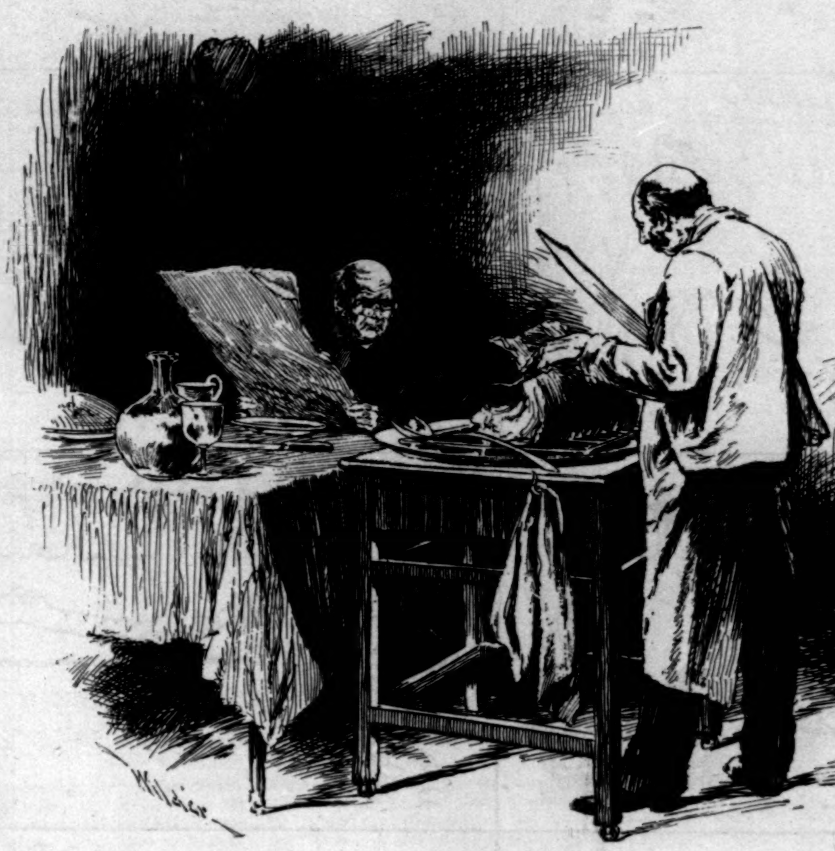
As it is a rigid rule in England—violated only by Gladstone and one or two others—to affect a hesitating, drawling manner when speaking in public, Lord Randolph spoke in this way:

"My lords and—er—gentlemen, I—er—take great pleasure in—er—(and I am sure the suggestion will—er—meet with your hearty—er—satisfaction)—I say I take great pleasure in—er—proposing the—er—health (and, I may add, the —er—long-continued happiness) of her Royal Highness the—er—Princess Victoria of Wales and—er—her future husband Lord Fife."

The burly toast-master on every such occasion at once took a step forward, and raising his glass, cried out, with some such words as these:

"My lords and gentlemen! Charge your glarses. The toast is to 'er Royal 'Ighness the Princess Victoria of Wales, and to 'is lordship the Earl of Fife."

The bill of fare was pretentious, but everything tasted as if it had been cooked in the same pot, as everything always does in the best hotels in London. But every now and then, between the speeches, the toast-master called for a song or instrumental solo from one of the musical people. As they all boasted foreign names, and he had the truly English impatience with and disregard for any language except his own, his manner of dismissing each hard name summarily, with a mispronunciation, was something to remember always. But the music was pretty, and every word of every song was printed in a little book which also bore the names of every guest and their places at the tables. At the end of the toasting and responding we all adjourned to some antechambers, where we stood about and smoked and listened to the most famous comic balladists and sentimental singers in England. That was not at all an uncommon dinner, but—apart from the food—it was more enjoyable than any affair of the kind I ever saw at home. The ceremonious management, the music, the free and easy gathering afterward, and the pretty ballad singing at the same time, are features we could imitate here. The best thing of all, though, we cannot enjoy—the famous men. There were two dozen world-famous men at that dinner. London is full of them; they abound there like millionaires in New York.



SELECTING HIS CUT FROM THE ROAST.

Henry Irving was at that banquet, and was so kind as to invite me to another dinner in the Beefsteak Room in the Lyceum Theatre soon afterward. This famous room is the one in which the Beefsteak Club held its meetings, with "Beefsteak and Liberty" for its motto, and beefsteak and port for its fare. On this occasion almost every other man and woman in the room was known to all Christendom. Sarah Bernhardt and Ellen Terry, Mr. Damala, Mr. Henry E. Abbey, Tamagno the tenor, Mr. Bram Stoker, Mr. Oakey Hall, Marcus Meyer, and Henry L. Horton, of this city, were in the company, with Mr. Irving as host, his famous paintings of great actors behind them and his vintage of 1874 before them. The dinner was such as Mr. Irving would insist upon in any part of the world, and such as one cannot obtain in a public dining-place in England. It was farther distinguished by a very pretty episode. Each man and woman sent a *menu* card to all the others for signatures, and presently every card bore the autograph of every one present.

There is a queer little place on the Strand where on a certain day of the week you can get "steak and lark pie," which is no doubt as delicious as it is historic, for you remember that Gulliver said when he ate a Liliputian sheep that he took it and ate it, bones and all, as an Englishman would a lark. There is another famous meat-pie to be had once a week at the Cheshire Cheese on Fleet Street, immortalized as a haunt of Sam Johnson's, and now marred by posters advertising an American comic paper, and by chromos of modern hunting scenes. There is a notable fish dinner to be had at "The Ship" in Greenwich, and there are two or three quaint places near Billingsgate Market, in which a man at the door informs you what two dishes form the bill of fare on each day, and where every one sits down at the same long common table.

Very peculiar and interesting is the ceremonial at either Simpson's or the Rainbow (both on the Strand), where, after you have nominated your joint, a carver wheels it up to you, and cuts whatever part you prefer. One sees in this a stage of the evolution from the olden style of cutting your own piece off the joint on the sideboard, as we did in Liverpool, to the present nineteenth-century plan of having your food brought to you by a waiter. This rolling the joint up to you is the middle stage. The truck is very like the machine that printers use when they "make up" a form of type and wheel it away to be stereotyped—a heavy four-legged table, with wheels or casters under the legs. The top of such a table in these restaurants is a great, deep, metal dish, on which the joint rests amid its juices or gravy. The servitor in charge, with a sharpening steel at his side, and a great knife and spoon at his command, bald and bearded, white-aproned and deferential, is certain to interest you as he deftly slices off your portion, and adds to it precisely two spoonfuls of gravy and one potato.

In these places you get real English fare—all quantity and solidity, and very little variety. The glory of these places, and of England as well, is the roast mutton. We do not even dream of what roast mutton is over here. The roast beef of Old England is a thing departed; it is a misnomer to call it such, for it is the too familiar refrigerated beef of Chicago or Australia—the same tasteless, bleached, spiritless pulp that nearly all of us are forced into eating in America. But the mutton and ham over there are revelations, and the bacon is excellent. Then, too, they have a wonderful knack at cooking potatoes. Once a potato is cooked, it is lifted away from its fellows and laid aside or done up in a napkin, so that instead of gathering moisture and becoming sodden, it is mealy and flaky, and as white and powdery as snow.

If any one lives who has inhabited a cosmopolitan city, and tasted now French and now Spanish, now Italian and now the highest eclectic cooking, if any such a favored being lives who would be content to fare, year in and year out, on roast joints, chops, steaks, cutlets, potatoes, lettuce, and pickled walnuts, London is that simple man's El Dorado.

There are other restaurants, such as we call *table d'hôte* and "French," but I have the editorial word of one of the principal dailies of London that there is no such restaurant in that city as the Café Riche in Paris or Delmonico's or the Savarin in New York. Not that any editorial assurance is necessary. The best restaurants in London are Verrey's, Nicoll's Café Royal, and one other in Regent Street, and the show that the ladies make in them, seated in full dress, barearmed and barenecked, among the mirrors, is a more brilliant one of its kind than any in America. But I sum up the food in a word when I call it "tiresome." Of what we in New York would call "macaroni restaurants"—third-class *table d'hôte* dinner places—London has some extraordinary examples. They are great show-places. The costliest is the Holborn, a huge building whose main hall is all of marble and brass, as solid and beautiful as it is genuine and costly. This hall has a main floor and a gallery, and a very good string band plays prettily while the diners discuss an edible repast of six courses—edible, but not artistic or daintily cooked. Then there is Kettner's in Soho—which is homelike—and there are two establishments of Spiers & Ponds's in the Criterion Theatre building, where in one hall you get a six-course dinner and the singing of a glee club, and in the other a similar dinner and the music of a band. These "show" dinners are all at five shillings (a dollar and a quarter) a head. But in one of the Criterion restaurants there is a charge of "sixpence for attendance" in the bill, and if you regard that phrase in any except a Pickwickian sense your waiter follows you to the door for a sixpence for himself. Poor wretch! Give it to him. At the best it is part of his principal revenue. Possibly he has paid the proprietor for the right to be a waiter there. It is the case in some places in Paris, at all events.

It is in this building—the Criterion—that they have what they call "the American bar" for the dispensing of various mixtures that taste like hair-oil, but are supposed to be American mixed drinks. They cost a shilling, or twice the price of English liquor, and are drunk by the "Johnnies" —the dudes of London. I copied the following names of these American drinks. Possibly some American may recognize one or two as familiar tipples, though I doubt it: "Knickebein, Sustainer, Silent Cobbler, Square Meal, Prairie Oyster, Alabazam, Bosom Caresser, Flash of Lightning, Pick-me-up, Heap of Comfort, Corpse Reviver, Rum and Honey."

The restaurants of the people, which, I suspect, few tourists experiment with, interested me greatly. These are the cocoa shops (the places such as an Italian named Gatti has scattered all over the metropolis) and the eating-houses of the Aerated Bread Company. Such places as those of the bread company would surely pay in our own larger cities. "No hand has touched it," is their motto, in white letters, on the great plate-glass windows—a reference to the manner of making the bread. But the motto sounds the key-note of all these restaurants—a note of cleanliness, neatness, and order. In these tiny dining-rooms you see two or three little tables topped with white marble, a marble counter with bread and pastry and coffee and tea urns upon it, and moving about the place two or three neat-looking young women. Everything there is paid for with pennies, and you may have an egg or two, cooked as you wish, and a cup of tea and bread-and-butter for as little as sixpence. It is rather startling to be asked to pay before you eat, but that is the rule of this company. Gatti's places and their imitations are also run on the penny basis. You get penny ices and penny cakes and penny'orths of candy there, but you may also order eggs and chops and tea and coffee, as at the bread company's eating-houses. The difference is in the addition of Italian smudginess and grease, and of ices, candies, and more or less opulent and unwholesome looking pastry.

Everywhere you go you see cocoa shops. I went into a big and handsome one in "the City," somewhere near Southwark Bridge. It looked alluring from without, but inside it was filled with rough wooden tables and benches. The only waiters stood behind the rude wooden counter, and the customers carried their own cups and plates to the tables. To test what I saw to be one of the commonest, most popular refreshment-places of the poor, I ordered a cup of cocoa and an enticing-looking bun. The bun proved a prosaic bit of bread, varnished on top, the cup of cocoa was a cup of something gritty, like hot mud, and the price was twopence, or four cents of our money.

I went into another place in the city one day because I was impressed by its attractiveness. I asked a young woman what order most persons gave there, and she said, "A pot of tea and a tart." So I gave that order, and enjoyed that form of mild luncheon at a cost of threepence for the tea and tuppence for the tart, or ten cents in all. Seeing a placard announcing a "smoking-room down-stairs," I went down, and found a room with little tables and sofas and carpet, all as cozy as could be. To the whiffs of a threepenny cigar (cigars are all equally bad over there, no matter what you pay for them; even our own Henry Clays and the cosmopolitan Perfectos become demoralized there) —between the whiffs, I say, I read the daily paper. Half an hour later, completely rested and refreshed, I remarked to the attendant boy,

"I am afraid I am not a profitable customer."

"Humph!" he replied, "a-many spends less than you, sir; a-many spends only a penny, sir."

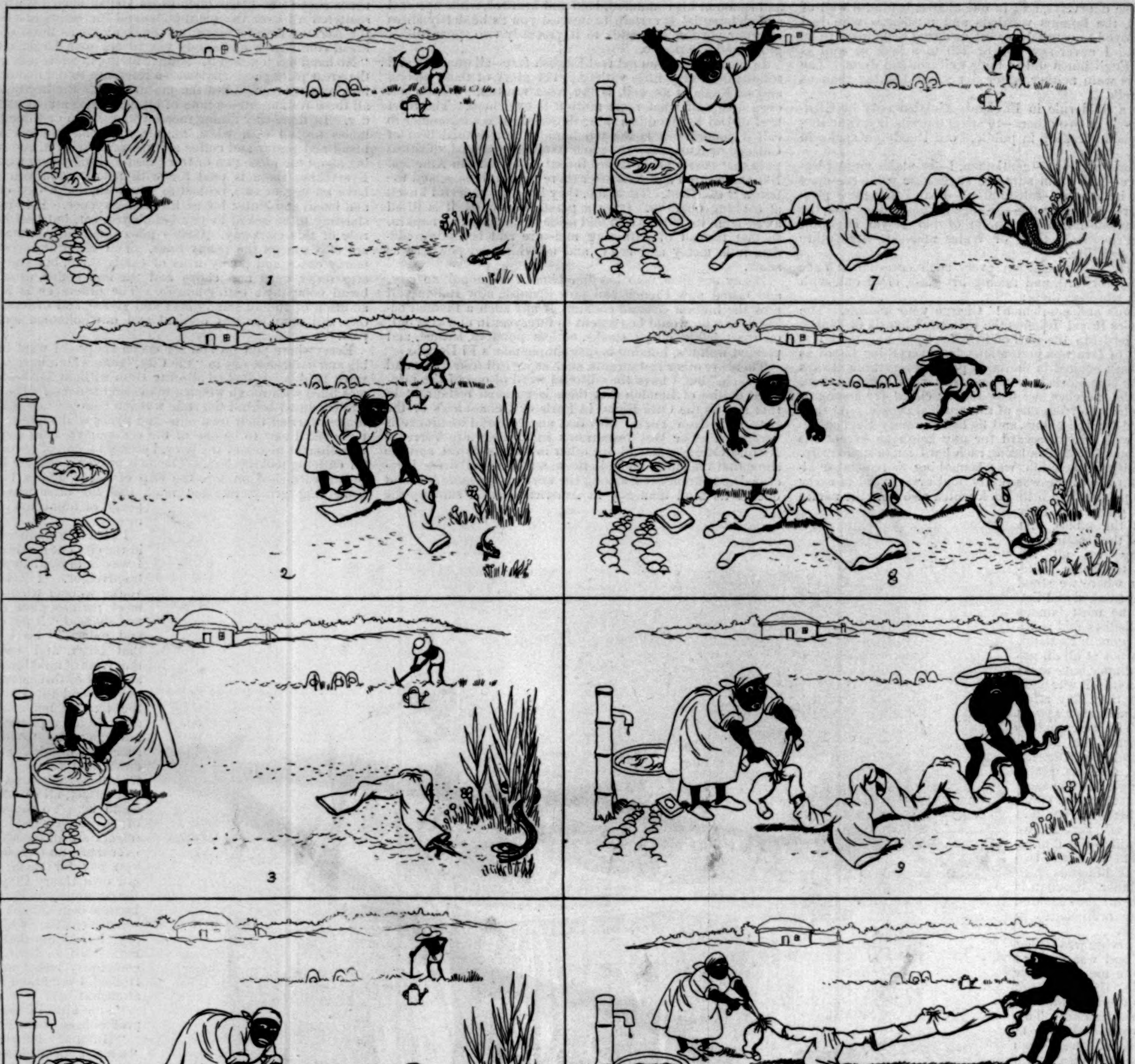
In some such places that I afterward saw, and in some concert halls also, I observed printed notices declaring pipe-smoking forbidden. This must be a hardship in London, for nearly every man smokes a pipe. One gentleman told me that he thought a pipe a proper appendage of a man everywhere except in the company of ladies; but I several times saw pipes brought out in the presence of ladies in English homes. And in the streets, on the two-story 'buses, in the smoking compartments on the trains, everywhere I saw men smoking pipes—rich men, poor men, lords, members of Parliament, and dandies, all alike. And that is the best smoking that is done in England, for the smoking tobacco is as delicious as the cigars are rank and bitter, rendered so, I doubt not, by the moist climate.

A word more as to possibilities of eating, drinking, and living that I had no chance to test. A once famous American disappeared from New York some years ago and months afterward was recognized in London. He told me that it seemed to him that he lost consciousness here and regained it there, everything between the loss and recovery being a blank in his mind. He awoke one morning in a queer little bedroom, with chintz curtains and a grate fire and a comical bed and ancient furniture, built, like everything portable in England, to resist time and to strain a cartman's back. He arose, and seeing a bell-cord, pulled it. A little woman in a mob-cap and apron responded. He asked her where he was, and what she understood his name and business to be, and how he spent his time. Finally he said, "What do I usually do when you come up, as you say you do, every morning?"

"Well, sir," she replied, "you usually order a penny roll, a pennyworth of tea, and an egg or a chop for a penny. Then, sir, I bring you a plate, cup, and saucer, a penny pat of butter, and a knife and fork and napkin."

"Well, bring me what you think best," said he, and he gave her fourpence, as she suggested.

In half an hour or less, he says, he was seated at a table with a steaming pot of tea, a picturesque fried egg, two or three slices of toast, a plate and knife and fork, and (as is the rule in England) a tiny pat of butter on a plate almost as big as the one he was to eat on. That, he says, is the way needy bachelors live in the modern Babylon.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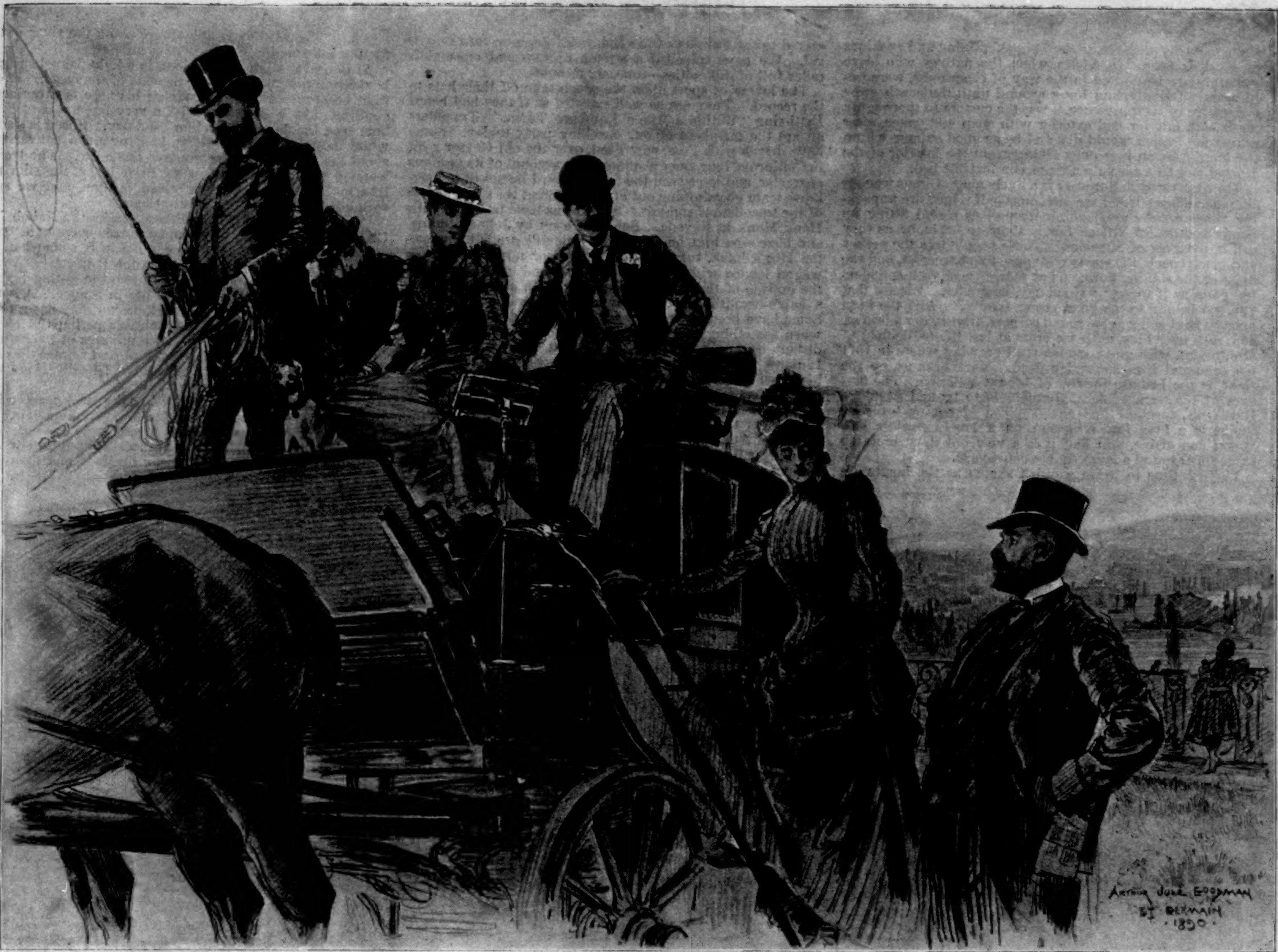
A GOOD CATCH.—Drawn by Caran d'Ache for Harper's Weekly.



FROM THE TOP OF A COACH.

PARIS TO PARIS, VIÂ ST. GERMAIN.

BY MINNIE BUCHANAN GOODMAN.—ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR JULE GOODMAN.

At ten o'clock on a summer morning the atmosphere of the *Herald* office on the Avenue de l'Opéra is as brisk and as American as if it were in New York or Chicago. You enter to be confronted by rows of your countrymen, and by serried files containing almost every paper published in the United States. It is a tempting opportunity to paraphrase Brillat-Savarin's much-abused axiom, and say, "Tell me what paper he reads, and I will tell you what he is." Here, without asking, you may guess a man's business, his politics, his religion, or what State he is from. One reads the *Jeweller's Review*, another the *Boot and Shoe Recorder;* a third is plunged in the *Iron Age;* a fourth frowns over the *Hatter and Furrier.* The self-satisfied party who peruses the *Hebrew Standard* touches elbows with a clergyman who has the *Christian Intelligence* in hand. A homesick-looking man pounces upon the Pawtucket *Chronicle;* another seems to derive as much comfort from the Yonkers *Gazette* as does a third from the Sacramento *Daily Record-Union.* Here we see the Democratic lions and Republican lambs perusing in peace together, and pounding the table side by side in token of the acute pleasure derived from the witticisms of their favorite editors. A very neat person who is carefully studying the *Milliner and Dress-maker* is a distinct contrast in type to his neighbors, who are engaged respectively with the *Base-ball Glory* and the *Army and Navy Journal.*

A wavering blur of perpetual hand-shaking is felt around the register of American arrivals; you perceive it through a moving mass of new gowns, summer suits, smart parasols, and straw hats; you hear the jingle of bracelets being shaken, sounding above that permanent hum of conversation which is broken at intervals by the ever-recurring, sharp, staccato cry, "Why, when did you come?" At a quarter past ten all eyes turn toward the street. Now gather in front of the office all the errand-boys, carriers, men in livery, and maids in caps who can steal a few minutes from service, for "the mail," as they call it, is coming, and the French people are infatuated with all that pertains to "high life" or "sport."

The horses and coaches shine with good care, and make a great glittering to see as, at precisely ten-twenty, the two four-in-hand coaches are driven up—the Rocket, bound for St. Germain, and the Magnet, going to Versailles. Between the hot sun, the bustle of departure, and the glare reflected from the pavement, the air indoors fairly sizzles. The guard takes a very correct position by the door, while the coachman of the day enters for a final word at the ticket office. Exactly as the clock on the dash-board of the coach marks ten minutes of eleven, our driver mounts the box, the guard scrambles into place, and we are off before we know it. There are not places on the Rocket for all who want to go. It is near the close of the St. Germain season—"blessings brighten as they take their flight."

The company includes an American Diplomat prominent in Parisian society; a Sporting Editor from London; a red-haired Nabob from Chicago; Gervex, the great French artist; the Most Popular Girl in the American colony; the Hostess, wife of our accomplished coachman, a refined type of Lady Gay Spanker *fin de siècle;* Mr. Levesque, author of the new coaching book *Les Grandes Guides;* and the best three gentlemen drivers in Paris, Mr. W. G. Tiffany, Mr. Henry Ridgway, and Baron Lejeune.

Something stirs the blood and gives one a "sporting" feeling as the horses sweep with a bold curve around the corner into the Rue de la Paix. The bronze steeds on the top of the Opera-house seem to prance in sympathy against the sky. You may imagine that the gilded muses up there are blowing trumpets in unison as our guard fills all the morning air with a rattling strain. Away we go, past the Column Vendôme and into the Rue de Rivoli. The trim round hats and neat tailor-made dresses of our passengers of the fair sex offer no resistance to the lively breeze; "taut and close-rigged" is the rule for coaching. With such speed as we are making now, the sun is no more than warm enough for comfort. It is odd that the coach, which our great-grandfathers looked upon as a necessary evil, should be the desirable luxury of to-day. Once four-in-hand driving was a well-paid labor; to-day it is a well-paid pastime raised to the level of a fine art by the nerve and skill of certain gentlemen of leisure.

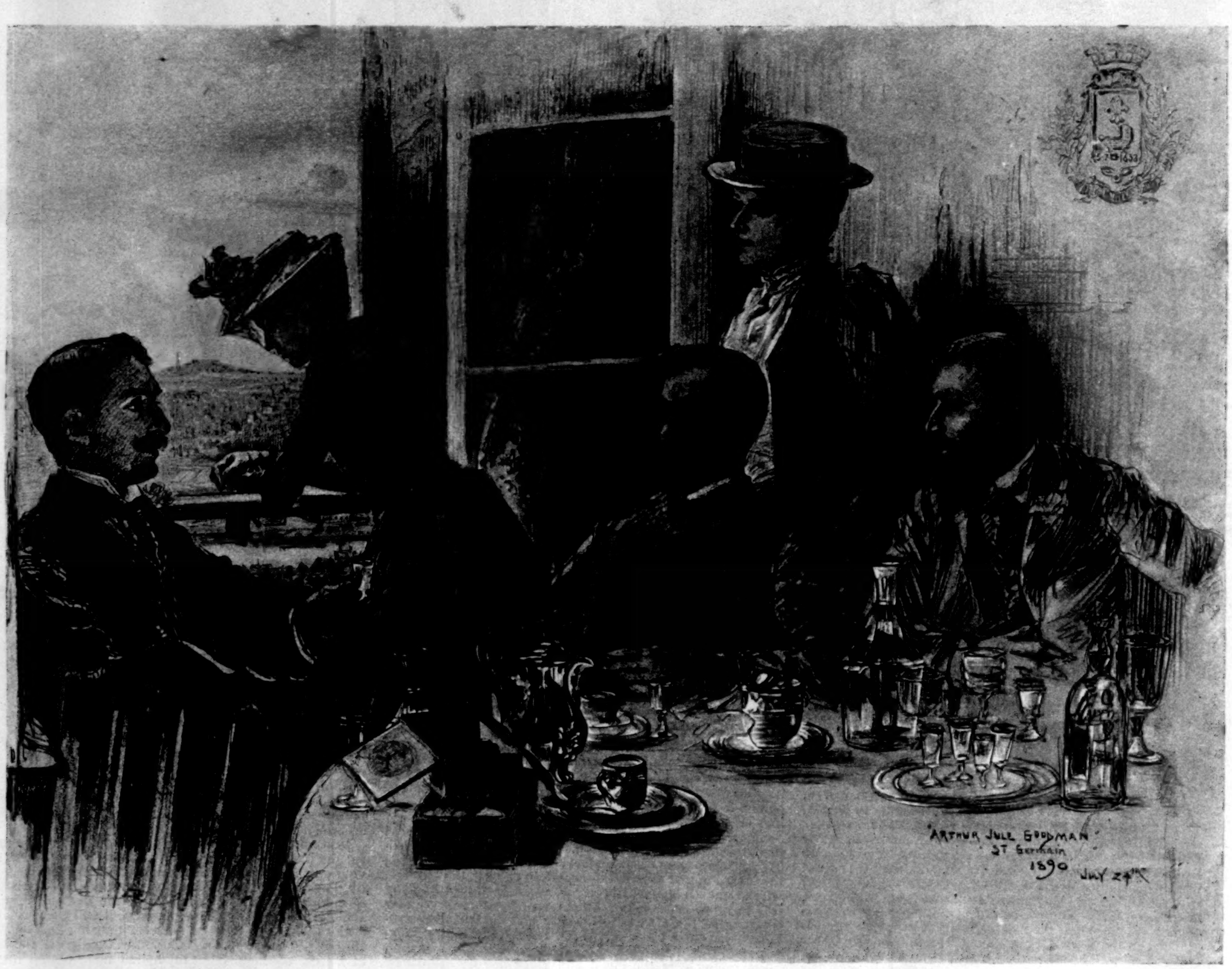
How describe the zest of the gay ride up the Avenue des Champs Élysées, and the amusement of the pleasurable excitement that follows on our passage? The lively coach is everybody's friend; cabbies, drivers of delivery wagons, pretty nurse-maids and plain ones, large children and children in arms, soldiers and newsboys, salute the Rocket as it goes. The men on the coach are as well-known as any in Paris. There are bows to be given and returned as carriages and riders are passed; and now and then the discreet flutter of a handkerchief is seen at a window. It is particularly gay when, at exactly eleven o'clock, we whirl into the shady woodland way in the Bois known as "La Potinière." At this favorite rendezvous, where two roads cross, the coach is greeted with interest by carriages and by riders drawn up in line to leave free roadway. It is a lovely sight. The sunlight filters through the green upon men and women in freshest summer attire. Some are seated in irreproachable victorias, others in fancy traps of showy pattern. Some have left there carriages at a little distance, and are walking on the green. Priceless canines of various breeds are frisking around.

It is easy, *en passant*, to see that the Bois de Boulogne is for the pleasure of the people, and free from those "tie up your dog and keep off the grass" restrictions that make Central Park a paradise of pompous policemen and a wilderness of cold hard gravel to the foot of the weary citizen. La Potinière is all too quickly passed, but still there is time to notice the many figures on horseback among the fashionable throng. There are slim pink and white girls in the neatest of habits, distinguished gray-haired men, plump matrons, smart grooms, and stylish youths. Soldiers there are too—handsome officers in uniform, looking like animated studies by De Neuville. Just as we have driven through the defile a group of swarthy South-Americans, riding like demons, come dashing up at a gallop.

Across the deserted race-course at Longchamps a fresher breeze is blowing; moist forest odors sweeten the spin over the meadows beyond the old mill. The brisk air brightens the wits, making conversation lively. Coaching is the most sociable of sports, bringing men and women together under the happiest and healthiest auspices. It is a common and a very pleasant custom for some one, inviting a congenial party of friends, to take all the seats on the coach for a certain day. But sometimes on a hap-hazard trip agreeable meetings take place, and you find yourself enjoying the society of some author, politician, artist, or famous man whom you are glad to know. A personal history of the Paris coaching season would mean a panorama of American, English, and European celebrities.

As we roll across the bridge at Suresnes, where a close copy of Joseph Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle extends a tattered hat to receive our coppers, the Sporting Editor tells the story of the Rocket. It was built in England in 1868 by the order of Mr. Tiffany, then a rash young American, but already wise beyond his years in sporting matters. The first coach to be lined with pig-skin, the builders, who have lived to change their minds, indignantly resented the innovation when the order was given. Even the sporting papers took it up, and published paragraphs ridiculing the idea. The Rocket was driven a season between London and Brighton, has been twice into Africa on hunting expeditions, and remains to-day a Paris favorite, enjoying a fresh and handsome maturity with the original pig-skin lining and cushions as good as ever. In Africa, when the natives, who leave something to be desired in the way of cleanliness, were unpleasantly friendly, and hung around until the coach grew suggestive of their presence, it was the custom to thoroughly wash both interior and exterior with soap and water, after which the leather would dry and be as good as new within the hour. By an ingenious arrangement the interior of the Rocket can be made into a large, comfortable bed.

The dash through Suresnes is a lively one. Circus wagons line the village streets; mountebanks half rigged are unpacking vans; *artistes* are making themselves useful fitting up gaudy booths. A village fair is about to begin, or, as they call it, the Fête of Suresnes. These people like the yellow and black coach, the smart costumes, fine harnesses, and the noise of the shining horn. They recognize us with confidential nods, as if to say: "Good-day, comrades. We see that you too belong to the great circus family." And the horn must be kept going as we round corners, drive under a bridge, and rush over hills, until we cross at last the battle-field of Montretout, with green garden stuff growing where in 1871 ten thousand Frenchmen lay dead. Very near us, on the right, is the historic fortress of Mount Valérien. The first view of the terrace of St. Germain is to be had from the Haras de Suresnes just ahead. The Haras, or breeding stable, is a long low structure on a lonely treeless hill. When you arrive, you find it is a new one-story building extending around a large square court-yard.



THE COACHMAN'S BREAKFAST.

There is time to begin a quick sketch as the horses are changed. Many desert the coach and go in to take a flying look at the stables. As he takes the reins again, every eye is fixed on Mr. Tiffany's square back, straight as an Indian's. The fresh horses dance in the harness. This is the favorite spurt. Out come the stop-watches and away goes the team. The dash is across grain fields brilliant with poppies, past pretty villas, and, after a turn or two, into Tiffany Allée, a beautiful and thoroughly French avenue of square-cut linden-trees. The allée had a French name too, but it was rechristened by some of the friends of coaching in honor of Mrs. Tiffany. Even the French people took kindly to the change, and the original appellation is lost in the distance. The horses are galloping. The slender figure of our hostess sways slightly on the box-seat, while Nellie, the prize bull-terrier, scrambles with delight, and gives a bark of suppressed excitement.

The Allée is ended, but on we go, up and down hill, to the merriest music the horn can make, around sharp corners that a traveller declares only three men in the world could safely turn at a gallop, viz., our driver, the Duke of Beaufort, and Mr. Beckett. Faster and faster we go; now conversation ceases. The excitement is infectious. Carts and wagons clear the road by magic; the old sun-dial of Rueil quivers on its mounting; children and dogs make noisy exits; windows and doors fly open as if by electricity; as we whirl past the village fountain we catch sketchy smiles from the Rueil washer-women, pausing with uplifted beaters. Suddenly a last corner is turned. We enter at a respectable trot the broad road, desecrated by tramways, that leads by Malmaison, sacred to the memory of the Empress Josephine, into Bougival. We have travelled a stretch of two and one-eighth miles full of difficulties—time, six minutes.

The lovers of sport upon the coach take off their hats to the record. They are as well satisfied as if they had heard Patti sing "Within a Mile o' Edinboro' Town." Travellers all are the members of our coaching party to-day. Some have driven with Foss, now dead, over the old Geyser road in California, long since abandoned on account of its perilous character, and have seen the four forward horses of the six-horse team go galloping out of sight around the sharp angles of the treacherous summit. Some of us have travelled with Hank Monk in Nevada. Some have sat by Johnny Sharp, and have seen him, on the old Downieville grade known as the Hog's Back, turn out for some poor miner's outfit—a wagon loaded with family, provisions, and tools—and take the outside of the grade, in the snow, with only a hope and a hair's-breadth between driver, passengers, and eternity. Some have been on the Mohave Desert on a moonlit night when something moved away over the flat sands behind a distant cactus—something that might mean Mexicans or Indians—and the driver has put his shot-gun on his knees, his bowie-knife in his belt, and has lashed his six horses until the stage, on its way to the border station, cut the still air like a bullet from a gun.

Such as these are among the exciting episodes of the history of American driving. The history of English driving abounds in features of equal interest, in stories of hair-breadth escapes and tales of cleverness and courage. There is pathos in the fate of poor Selby, who lived but a little while after the strain of his exciting feat of driving from London to Brighton and back in eight hours. Scientific amateurs love to recall such feats as, for instance, the exploit of Sir Felix Agar, who, in the early part of this century, drove around the small fountain in the centre of Tattersall's, then an open enclosure, without allowing any horse of the four to leave his trot. This was accomplished, of course, with the short wheel rein, which, though very convenient, was found too dangerous to be kept in use, and was abandoned about 1820, after having caused the death of many a brave fellow.

Modern coaches in England, on the Continent, and even in the Eastern United States are driven in the English style. One method requires as much ability as the other. It is not a difference of degree, but a difference of kind.

"I will tell you how our driver explains it," says the Diplomat, as we discuss the question. "He says that the American way of driving differs from the English in the measure that the difficulties to be overcome in each country differ. In California long traces and long pole straps are required to permit the horses to have freedom, which means safety, in passing over rough roads and deep chuck-holes. In Europe smoother roads allow of tight traces and short pole chains. The two styles require different modes of holding the reins. With the English mail-coaches speed was the great desideratum. The government required for the Royal Mail an average speed of a mile in four minutes, changes included. A stretch of nine miles in twenty-eight minutes has been accomplished every day for six months by the Brighton coach." The rattling cobble-stones along the river cut off further information.

At Bougival a tall, slender man in a light flannel suit runs boyishly across the bridge by the side of the coach. He has light chestnut hair and mustache; his nose is prominently aquiline. As he looks up with a very large pair of bright blue eyes, the men all wish him good-day. Speed is slacked while the stranger trots along, keeping up a conversation about the horses, the time we have made, etc. The team is watered at Bougival, and as we drive away, the slim man lifts his hat in a half-embarrassed fashion, and we see a sprinkling of gray in the chestnut hair.

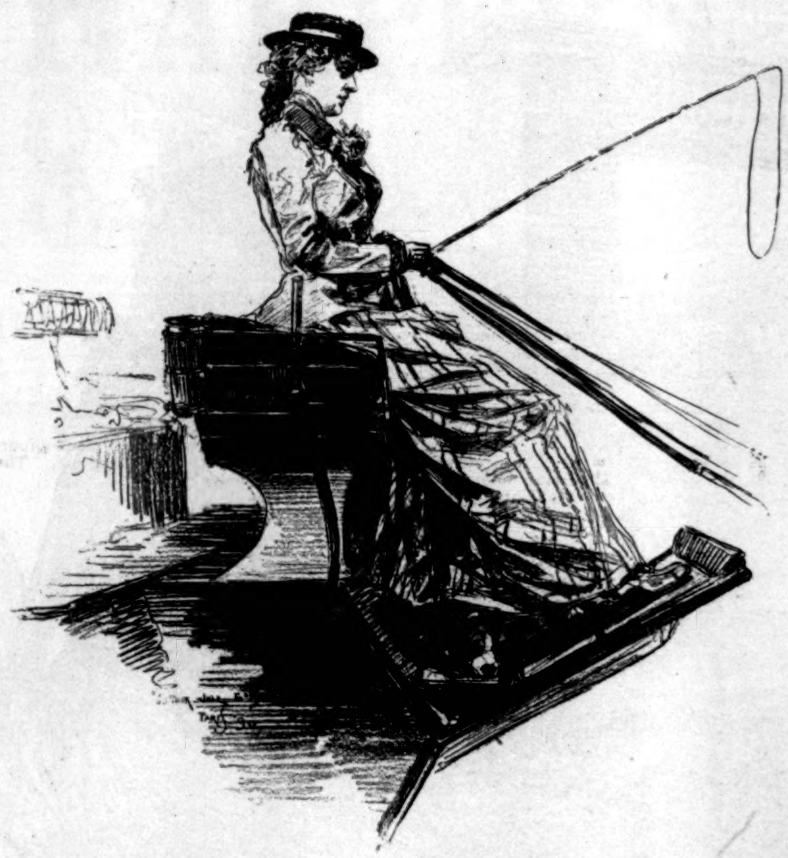
"Who's that young fellow there?" asks the Nabob from Chicago; and his face melts into a purple wave of astonishment when he learns that the gentleman is somewhat past twenty-one, and is called James Gordon Bennett.

Between Bougival and Le Pecq two interesting features show the regularity of provincial life in France. A gentleman who looks like Napoleon III. grown gray has a pretty home by the road-side. He breakfasts perhaps at eleven, for every morning at precisely five minutes of twelve he is at the open window, cigarette in hand, and salutes the coach with a bow which, although gallant and friendly, is not without a certain dignified reserve.

At exactly five minutes past twelve the coach meets a four-footed friend—a small nondescript dog with long hair. The animal is the property of an old woman who has tottered to the door of her humble stone cottage. The little cur waits until the coach is exactly opposite his door, and then gives furious chase, barking wildly, his long hair streaming straight in the wind. When he has travelled exactly one block, he resumes his normal lethargic condition; you may look back and see him trotting serenely home, as one who has done his duty. The little dog and the old woman are as punctual as the sun in his course; like the old gentleman in the window, they have never missed a day since the coaching season began. At a turn in the road we see Mr. Bennett's river yacht, the *Sereda*, steaming along the Seine, a rakish snow-white craft, with the stars and stripes at the stern.

It is astonishing how much is missed by people who ride on horseback or drive in carriages. There is no other such advantageous post of observation as the top of a coach. You are above the range of all the petty obstacles that habitually intrude upon the view of a landscape; the horizon is more extended; beauties of form and color are more freely revealed. The pictures that come before you are as varied as their duration is brief; the height of your swift-moving position holds you above the reach of monotony and satiety. If love laughs at locksmiths, coaches may smile at garden walls. The bride and groom who clasp hands under the arbor should beware the coaching horn if they object to being seen; that gray stone barrier covered with heraldic devices screens the festive breakfast party on the grass by the lake from all save those upon the coach.

Still further along we see four pretty girls judiciously walled in. The coach is their wicked secret, their one dissipation. Quite regularly as it passes they manage to be on hand to greet it with half-shy and wholly coquettish smiles,



SEEN IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

It is the habitual features that give the trip a home-like feeling. "The true coaching spirit," the Hostess explains, in her quick, bright way, "is not a desire to roam in search of fresh fields and pastures new, but a habit of studying your daily route, of looking at it with ever-increasing interest, of feeling for it a sort of tried affection born of habit and companionship."

"That is just like Balzac's idea of the love of woman," remarks the artist. But sentimental topics are not considered "sporting," and no one takes him up.

We pass the tract called La Machine, and the Hostess tells us she knows each plot of ground, has watched the little crops mature, and has seen each fruit or vegetable in its season laid out by the road-side ready for the market wagons. Some one speaks, too, of the grain fields by the Haras de Suresnes—fields that were bare and brown when the coaching season began, and now blaze with the glory of scarlet poppies and golden sheaves. The story is told of homes that have added one to or lost one from the stock of little heads at the window since the spring, and there are histories of old men and old women who gave out almost their last toothless smiles in response to the merry music of the horn. The human harvest has kept pace with the other. The existence of the tillers of the soil in France is mournfully monotonous; life will be one degree duller for these when the coaching season is over.

A stiff pull up a long winding road brings us to the ruins of the noble old walls of the ancient terrace—walls set with designs, hung with vines, and exquisite with fading tones of cream and old-rose. On the other hand, a panorama, beginning at our feet with roof-tops and tree-tops, widens across the village, the valley, the river, and the plain to a view of distant Paris, half obscured by Mount Valérien—Paris painted in tones of softest purple against a faint turquoise background of far-away mountains. The plucky horses pull away. This must have been a steep road for the ill-balanced chariots of the ancient kings. Almost without warning we are in a broad street, have passed through iron gates, and are ascending the splendid avenue, with villas on the one hand and the forest on the other—the avenue where the idea comes to you that you are on the deck of a great ship, and the country-side below is the green and violet expanse of some vast sea.

To the sound of a lively flourish of the horn, the horses are suddenly brought around with a masterly curve just as they seem to be going at a gallop through the stone railing and over the precipice. We are on the terrace at St. Germain-en-Laye. The red brick and gray stone structure that seems to overhang the precipice is the real Pavillon Henri IV. Other buildings of more modern date form a square around the upper garden. What souvenirs cluster under the dome-shaped roof of the pavilion! Built by Henry IV. in 1603, Marie de Medicis and young Louis XIII. afterward came here to live. Here in 1638 Louis XIV. was born. In 1643, on a bright May morning—it must have been fine, or he could not have seen so far—the dying Louis XIII. looked out of the window before us, and over to the distant Abbey of St. Denis, the last earthly home of the French kings, and said to those about him, "I am going over there soon to stay a long time."

The delicious romance of this place, half palace, half garden! But there is nothing like a hearty appetite to wean the soul from poetry. The kings—Heaven rest their souls!—are dead and gone, while we, who were born under the Stars and Stripes, are succeeding to many of their pleasures and none of their cares. This is all worth living for, and there is nothing like good cooking to lengthen our days. Even the artist moves on without demur, declaring he can always see with finer vision after the famous sauce béarnaise, one of the specialties of the house. Under the noon sun—bright, but not too warm—the air is singularly still. We miss the noises of Paris and the jingle of the coach. Nothing is heard as we go through the garden but our steps on the gravel, an occasional click of the harness as the horses outside nod their heads, and the chirp of little birds in cages talking to the wild birds in the trees. We do not talk; we are all under a spell of silence, the place is so lovely.

A portly and aristocratic butler waits in fixed pose to usher us into the château—the word restaurant is profanation. We turn aside to look at the garden. We breathe great draughts of odorous air; inhale the fragrance of spicy pinks, delicious mignonettes, and the delicate June roses that bloom in this favored spot until the end of July. We pause, too, to say good-day to the vulture, a hoary bird given by Alexandre Dumas *père*, nearly fifty years ago, to the father of the present proprietor. The vulture, silent old sinner that he is, mopes lamely by the geranium-bound fountain, with his one available eye fixed moodily on a restless swarm of gold-fish rushing around among the pond-lilies in the still water. He honors us with one broad flap of his extended wings, then turns his back. He is bored. What interest can we, *fin de siècle* amusement seekers, have for one who half a century ago lived through the thrilling successes of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *Monte Cristo?*

"The coachman's breakfast is served," announces the motionless butler. The man is hoarse with good living. It is a capital sign.

Our host takes his place at the head of the table as we enter the hall reserved for the coaching party. Through wide-open windows comes a breeze fragrant with the posies on a little terrace below. No modern gewgaws disturb the historic simplicity of the lofty room panelled in dark wood. Were Anne of Austria and Mazarin, gorgeous in brocade and lace, to come walking, toddling on their high heels, through the double door on the left that leads from the apartment where they often conferred to so little purpose, they would not find their material surroundings inappropriate or greatly changed. Yet might they possibly look with some disfavor upon such an array of republicans as would meet their eyes—unpicturesque republicans arrayed in all the solemn hideousness of the modern tailor's latest efforts.

Who shall say that these coaching breakfasts will not live in the history of elegant sport? Stimulated by the drive through the morning air, our wits are almost as keen as our appetites. It is amusing to hear the way in which the conversation tumbles from English into French, and from French into English. Both languages are very comfortably at the command of all present—that is, all save the Nabob from Chicago, who gets a fishy eye and a lonely smile while French is being spoken, but picks up a lively expression whenever he hears the blessed vernacular once more. In our enthusiasm we think and talk not only of what we have seen and are seeing, but also of what it all means. The incomparable terrace with its miles of masonry, the castle, the once private forest, all suggested by their grandeur the majesty of kings. The French artist and the American declare themselves almost persuaded to become royalists. The Diplomat raises a warning hand—a shapely hand, with a very crisp radish between finger and thumb. The Host violently tears a shrimp apart as he interrupts the artistic enthusiasts. From all sides come protests in favor of a republican form of government.

"Would you like to read of the king absorbing burgundy from jewelled goblets and pheasants from golden plates, while you lived on black bread in order to pay the taxes?"

"Would you like to have your wife and daughters at the mercy of some nobleman who might take a fancy to them, and carry them off?"

"Would you like to be thrown into the Bastile for life because the king's favorite did not like the way you wore your wig?"

"If we were cold and wretched would it make us warm to see the king drive by in velvet and ermine?"

"Would you like to be taxed for all the dowries of the royal relatives?"

Enough! enough! We are all good republicans now. All but the Baron.

As plentiful as bones in the first thin shad of spring are subjects for political discussion in Europe. Politics, national or international, or in the form of political economy, come in with the *hors d'œuvre* and the soup, filter through the fish and *entrées*, chase the latest sporting and dramatic news around the roast, get mixed up with steamship lines and continental railways in the salad, keep overmuch gossip out of the dessert, grow wider and wider awake after the black coffee, and follow you home when the post-prandial cigars have vanished in smoke, and the last drop of curaçoa has glued itself to the bottom of the glass.

"When American travellers have within a short space of time been enjoying and suffering the peculiarities of half a dozen different governments, nothing is more natural than the drawing of comparisons, unless, indeed, it be more like us to make mountains out of our experiences, and stand tiptoe on their summits trying to get a bird's-eye view of affairs at home. It would be better for our active patriotism if our country were not so isolated geographically. In the near presence of rivals, jealous love grows stronger." In this strain the Diplomat discourses, not forgetting the while to do honor to the repast. No false pride restrains the hearty appetites of those around the coachman's table.

"I cannot speak as to your patriotism at home," comments M. Levesque, "but these venerable walls have heard a great deal about your country this summer. I shall never forget that splendid discussion in regard to American politics that took place the day Secretary Whitney was here."

"Right you are," returns the Diplomat; "and the history of the coaching breakfasts this season would make very good reading, political and otherwise."

"Oh!" says the Most Popular Girl—a girlish girl, with the softest voice and the whitest teeth in the world—"wasn't it lovely the day the Duc de X—— was here, and we drew him out about the history and traditions of St. Germain?"

"With due regard for romance and tradition," answers M. Levesque, "I remember with more interest the discussion on the building and driving of coaches at which Mr. Studebacker assisted."

"I demand," says Gervex, stroking his beard into the pointed shape that has been copied by so many French artists of less merit, "that one of you shall mention the day I forced the reluctant Ridgway here, the first man, you know, to force his way into the Pamir, the table-lands of central Asia, known to us as the Roof of the World, to tell us a little about his two daring trips, and how he shot those rare specimens of the *Ovis Poli*, one of which was mounted and placed in the museum of the Jardin des Plantes a week ago."

"Enough," interpolates the restless Ridgway; "*place aux dames!* I shall never forget our talk regarding the comparative status of French and American women."

"Good!" says another voice. "Above all, the way in which our Hostess took the lead and kept it with a very bright speech about the courage, adaptability, and self-respect of American women."

The blushing Hostess insists that equal praise is due to the Baron. "We think the more of him," she says, "for his sincere championship of French wives, mothers, and women of business."

"My thanks, madame," replies the Baron, gallantly. "But why, in recalling memories, do we all neglect the arts? Do you not remember that argument about the use and abuse of photography in modern art and illustration?"

"True," says the Diplomat. "And who will ever forget, when the camera was figuratively smashed, how Gervex and our American artist here walked around the table and shook hands over the fragments?"

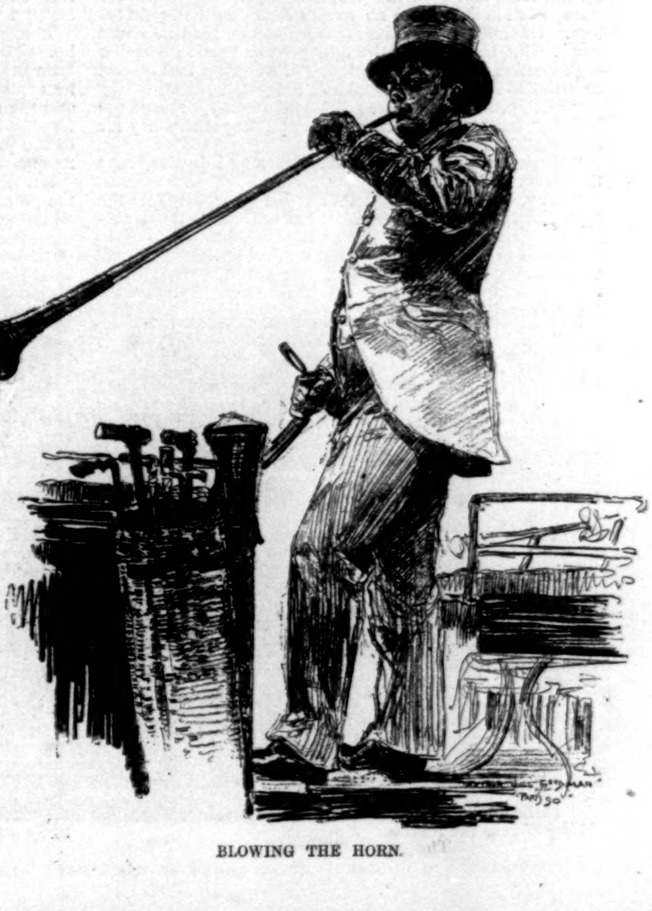
By this time we have come to the châteaubriand with sauce béarnaise.

The Nabob, whose personality will not down, is beginning to be wearied with reminiscences in which he has no part.

"I've been thinking," he says, addressing himself to the Host, "that these things are all very interesting, but while I've got the chance, I'd like to find out something about this coaching business."

If the Nabob did not produce such a fat wad of bills when he goes to look for a stray handkerchief, or observe the time by so superb a watch, and if he did not conduct himself with the unmistakable assurance of a man whose income is nine times larger than he can spend, we would think him a newspaper interviewer, so persistently does he extract the information he craves, and from a man who is very much opposed to monopolizing the attention of the company. But "nothing is denied to well-directed industry," and Chicago wins the day.

Talks are so much better than books. One by one the little side conversations cease, and presently we all find ourselves listening to a very compactly worded talk about coaching. We learn, thanks to the Nabob's enterprise, that it has ever been the policy of England to encourage manly sports; and how many of the English nobility consider it a sacred duty to expend each year a certain amount of money in providing recreation or sport of some kind for the community at large. Mr. Ridgway cites the case of the Duke of Rutland, who does not hunt, but spends $20,000 a year on his fox-hounds for the benefit of the country-side. We hear the story of the Duke of Wellington, who so approved of manly exercises that he chose his officers among sporting men. A famous driver in those days was the brother of the Duke of Wellington, known as "The Assassin."



BLOWING THE HORN.